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The Statue of the Nile, in the Vatican.

THE WEST IN THE ORIENT

I—IRRIGATION: AN OLD FORCE NEWLY APPLIED

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ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN BY E. C. PEIXOTTO AND W. M. BERGER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN the prospect of progress during the twentieth century no more alluring survey can be imagined than that of the influence of new discoveries and the new application of old forces.

The twentieth century is for the engineer —whether it be he who harnesses the watercourses, who trains the electrical elements, or who transforms the latent energy of carbon into that which propels the ship afloat and the locomotive on land. Its outlook is of historic empires and ancient civilizations developing awakened ambitions under the impact and the guidance of the Western World. Something the Orient offered in the beginning; something more it will return to its present-day conquerors who bring it the greatest of all gifts, the gift of ideas in action. To-day Egypt, India, Asiatic Turkey are moved by common industrial impulses and linked by similarity of physical circumstances with the southwest region of the United States; the modern, the historic, and the prehistoric perspectives merge in Arizona and Mesopotamia.

The oldest means employed by man in procuring sustenance in the midst of regions that without artificial aid were unfruitful and unsustaining was irrigation. Dwellers along the Nile, the Ganges, the Indus, the Euphrates and the Tigris, perhaps the prehistoric inhabitants of the Colorado basin, touched life at a common point. To-day

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they once more touch; but there is a difference. Despite the lost arts and the disappeared civilizations and the golden ages that have become musty, the modern engineer surpasses the ancient, for he husbands the instruments which nature furnishes him while at the same time making new uses of them. Where the waters of the Nile, ination and so generously ministered to the nourishment of countless generations.

How perfectly every act in the drama of human life was represented in the Nile! Whence came it? The metaphysical mystery of origin had its counterpart in the actual riddle of its sources on which philosophers and historians, Herodotus and Stra-

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Fellah irrigating a cotton field in Lower Egypt.

The silt is from the Nile water deposited from a "Basin" where the water stood forty days at a height of ten feet or more.

the Indus, and the Tigris were distributed through storage and reservoir systems they suffered much waste through lack of repairs. Maintenance of engineering works was not a feature of the Orient in the past, when there was no western contact. The first care of the irrigation engineer of the present period is to preserve all that he has accomplished, and he accomplishes more than the ancients by his system of storage reservoirs, whereby he adds both to the area of the irrigated land and to the percentage of production. This may be seen with illuminating clearness in the river which has so profoundly affected the imag- bo and Diodorus, speculated, and Arab geographers and astronomers theorized with as much basis of certitude as until recently explorers possessed. Sometimes, too, the ancients could make a guess equally brilliant with those which inspired the bold hypotheses that have heralded enlightening geographical discoveries, as witness Claudius Ptolomæus in the second century with his map of the double sources of the Nile and the Mountains of the Moon. Ptolemy, if not strictly correct, was not wholly wrong.

And again the mystery of the end as well as the origin. The disappearance of those green waters when Mother Earth moistened

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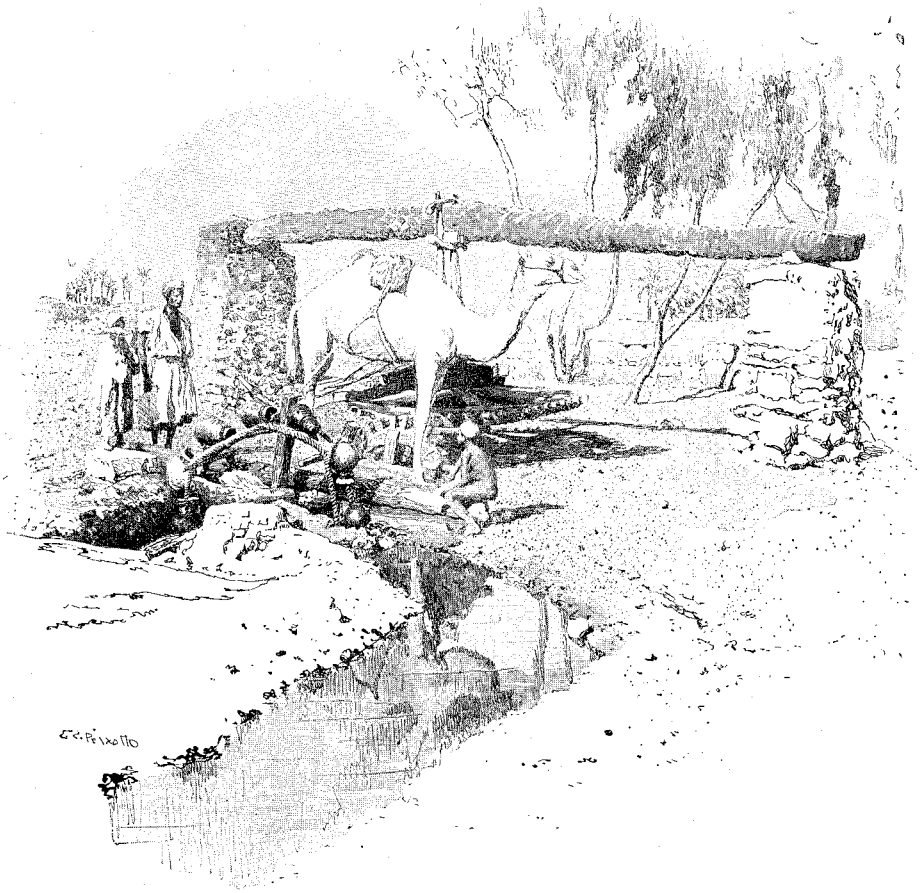

Irrigating Sakiyeh, Nubia, Egypt.

her cracked lips while the desert sands drank them in, or when the blue sea took them to her own being—whither went they?

But why guess and wonder and quarrel and add to the controversial volume of parchment papyri in trying to solve these problems? Father Nile was fecund; his jovial children scampered over and around him. For a season he might stretch himself at ease, but later he would put forth his might. The Nilometer near Cairo, which was built A. D. 861, preserved the daily record of the river's levels for a thousand years. The thousand years before that and the decade of centuries before that decade the phenomenon had been observed and recorded in some manner. Truly, dependence could be placed on Father Nile.

Now let us consider in its simplest and most primitive form how the waters of the Nile are utilized. When gravity does not suffice the means of lifting for the peasant cultivator is some form of buckets, the natalis and shadoufs being the simplest. The natalis are wicker baskets worked by strings or cords with the human motor-power at either end of the cord, the lift usually not being greater than three and a half feet. The shadoufs are poles or vertical supports joined by a horizontal cross-piece, a pole hanging on the crossbar and the bucket suspended from the pole with a counterpoise at the other end. The shadoufs raise the water five or six feet, but they are especially useful on hilly banks, since they can be placed in series of three and four, and thus a lift of fifteen or twenty feet be secured, though the process is a laborious one. They are among the commonest sights to-day in a voyage up the Nile.

Then there are the sakiyehs, or Persian water-wheels, and the taboots, which are of

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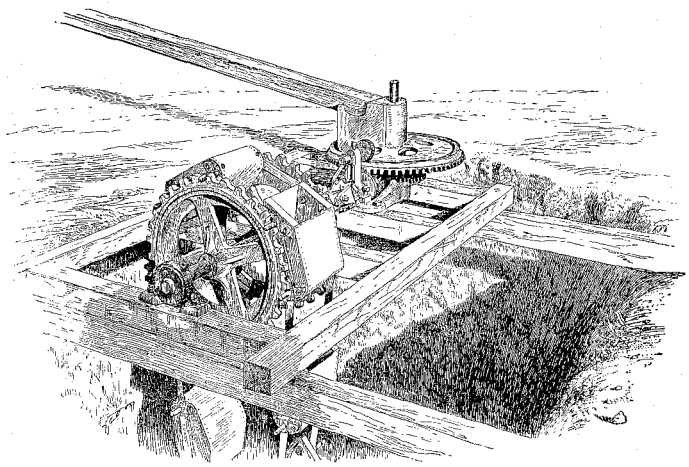
the same construction and are employed where the water is lifted less than ten feet. The mechanism of the sakiyeh is simple. It consists of two vertical water-wheels, one of which has overshot buckets turned by a horizontal wheel which is fitted as a cog or ratchet to the vertical wheel, which is void of buckets. The horizontal wheel is driven by animal power—water buffalo, bullocks, donkeys and once in a while by camels. Who that has voyaged along the Nile can forget the sunset picture—the gossamer curtain of magenta unrolling from the violet dome, the silver-gray dust mists spreading over the cotton fields and the mud villages; the troop of lop-eared goats trailing along the straight paths; the fellaheen, father, mother, and brood of children grouped under the date palm; the weary tread of the bullock and the crooning moan of the sakiyeh which alone breaks the calm and seems to say that the day is done and the hour of rest for which it sighs should come?

At a later period than the natali, the shadouf, and the sakiyeh, the Archimidean screw, a Greek offering, was adopted, lifting the water from heights of three and one-half or four and one-half feet, workable either by human or by animal power, or by mechanical energy. The construction is of an iron shaft fourteen or fifteen feet long around which is built a screw of thin strips of wood joined together so as to be water-tight; a water-tight wooden cylinder is constructed around it. The screw is fastened so that it will not revolve on the shaft. It inclines about 30 degrees with its lower end in the water. To the upper end of the shaft a crank is attached which usually is worked by one or two men, though sometimes bullock power is employed, or, if the screw is a large one, a small engine may be used. In some form all these water lifts have been in use for centuries.

But there is an offering of the twentieth century, from the Occident to the Orient, which consists of pumping machinery. Portable oil and electric engines and centrifugal pumps represent the driving forces of modern civilization. They now follow the irrigating ditch. In the Delta, pumping plants are maintained on scows. Though the peasant cultivator is not progressive and though engines and similar devices are beyond his resources, the wealthier landowners have caught something of this spirit of the West, and the use of pumping machinery is not confined to Europeans. Within a few hundred yards of the base of the Sphinx and the Cheops Pyramid a bold Arab of Cairo installed irrigating pumps and is making verdure of those sands which for ages have known only the purple and yellow glitter of the Libyan sun.

It would be beyond the scope of this article to review in detail irrigation as established under the reigns of the Amenemhats and the Usterseus in the Twelfth Dynasty; to dwell on Prime Minister and Chief Engineer Joseph's canalized branch of the Nile, the Fayoum irrigating ditch designated on the old maps as the River of Joseph; or to discuss the fascinating theory



Sakiyeh or Persian water-wheel, Egypt.

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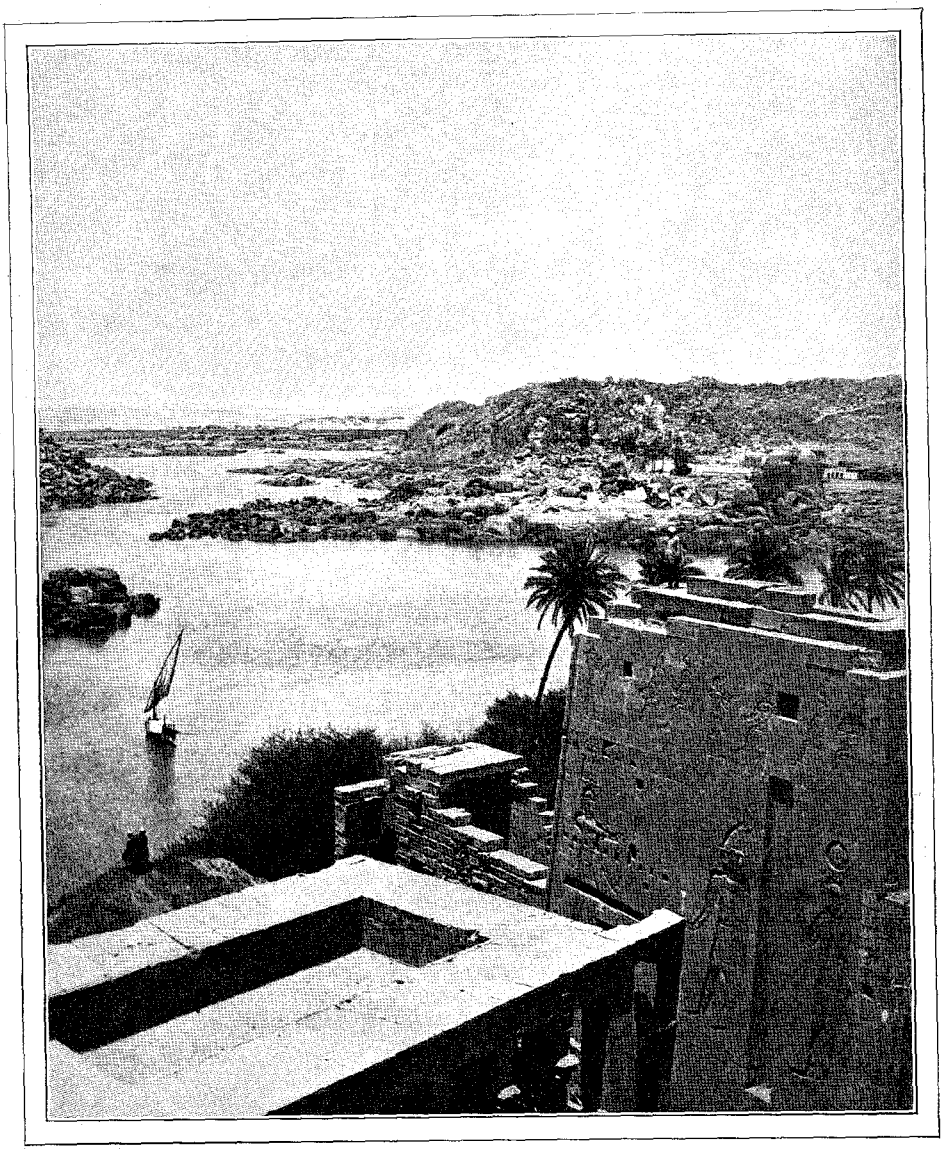

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The great Assouan Dam in the distance, N. W. from the first pylon of the Philæ temple, Egypt.

of Lake Moeris as developed by Mr. F. Cope Whitehouse. We know of the ancient system that it was basin irrigation and that it has been gradually developed in Upper Egypt through a period of 5,000 years, while the modern system is perennial irrigation, which has not yet to its credit half a century of time, though an æon of results signalize its achievements.

But what do we understand by perennial irrigation? Let us take the engineer's definition of it as irrigation from canals which run the whole year, being thus distinct from flood irrigation which is performed by canals running only in times of high water or overflow. Basin irrigation is dependent on the flood. Under the Pharaohs lakes, canals, and ditches were the sources of supply and the means of distribution. The rise of the Nile, which no human agency could control, governed them. The latter-day system, which is of Western origin,

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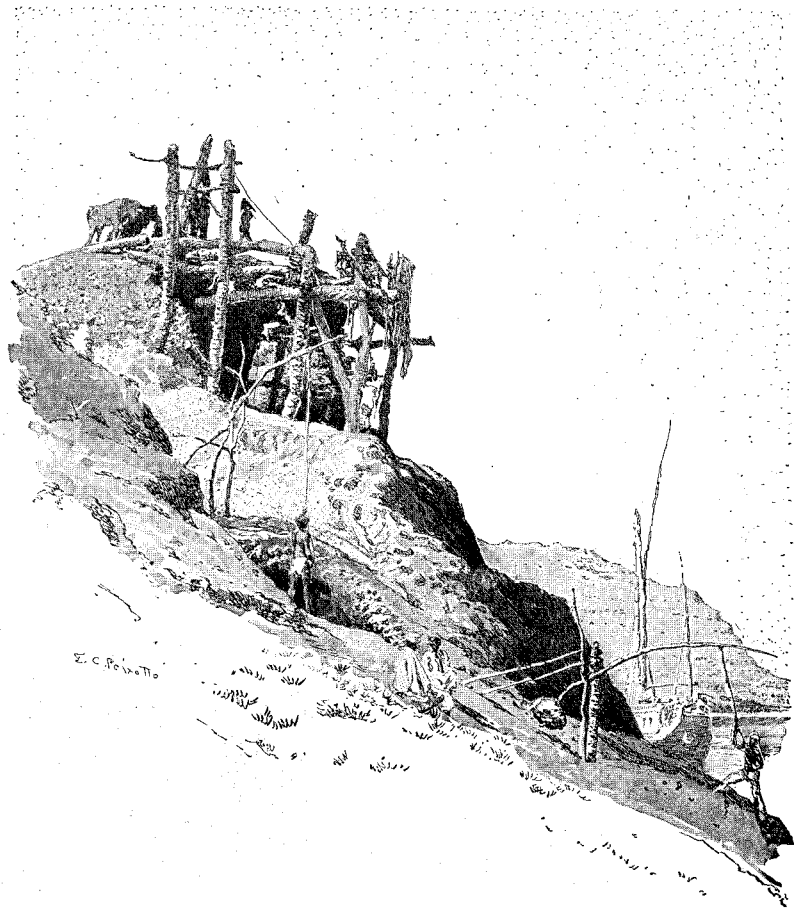
masters the flood by storing its overabounding waters until they can be profitably employed instead of letting them run to riotous waste. Reservoirs, conversion works, dams and sluices are its instruments, and canals and ditches its tools. In this instrumentality of dams which was instituted by the French engineers in Egypt sea of the rich waters with their alluvial deposit from the mountain slopes of Abyssinia. It is cheaper to obtain the supply for irrigation by means of the barrage than to establish pumping plants, and, since the flow is regulated during the season of high water as well as of low, the quantity of silt which has to be removed from the canals



Shadouf and Sakiyeh. The Nile, Nubia, Egypt.

and improved on by their successors, exact science as developed by experience has taken the place of theory. The Cairo barrage or dam is a practical demonstration of the possibility of moving watercourses at will. The sand and mud which constitute the bed of the river were placed under control, and though the first barrage, crossing both the Rosetta and the Damietta branches of the Nile, was a failure, its modifications and improvements served the purpose intended and prevented the escape into the each year is materially reduced. The main end served by the Cairo barrage is to hold back water for the irrigation of Lower Egypt.

The twentieth century adaptation of the ancient principles of irrigation, surpassing the skill displayed in the filling in of hollows and the creation of lakes by the Egyptian engineers of the Twelfth Dynasty, is best exemplified in the Assouan dam, which may be said to have drawn on the constructive experience of the world and particularly of

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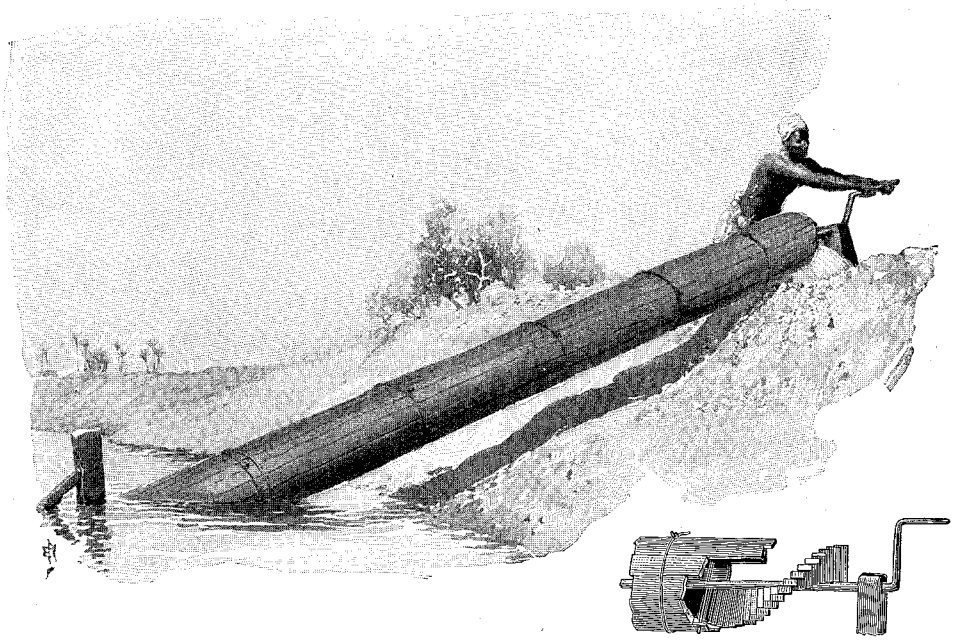

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Raising water from the Nile by means of the Archimidean screw; interior construction at right.

the New World, the West contributing to the East through the engineer corps of the United States Army, whose plans for lock gates for the Nicaragua canal were utilized. The building of the dam at Assouan was determined by an international commission of eminent experts, which included British, French, and Italian engineers. Now that plans for raising the dam are being carried out it is essential to know something of the mechanical and technical features of the construction in order to have a full comprehension of the influence which it exerts on civilization by increasing crop areas and the productiveness of lands already cropped.

Assouan is at the head of the first cataract, 585 miles above Cairo, and the Nile at this point is 350 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, having a fall of five inches per mile from Assouan to Cairo and of one inch per mile from Cairo to the Mediterranean. It was here that the Nile gauge could be depended on to show with the greatest accuracy whether famine threatened, sufficiency would satisfy, or plenty would rejoice the land. The dam, which is also a waterway, as originally constructed was a granite structure, the granite being from the quarries which thousands of years ago furnished the stones for the pyramids. It is one and one-quarter miles in length across the head of the cataract in a continuous straight line. As completed in 1902, the highest point was 130 feet. The width at the top was 22 feet and at the bottom 100. The height of the water when the reservoir is full is 67 feet and the capacity is 1,000,000,000 tons. There are 180 sluices, whose regulation, when the stored waters are drawn on to increase the river supply, is quite intricate.

As explained by Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, the average height of the flood at Assouan in ordinary years is twenty-five and a half feet above the minimum supply; an addition of four feet means perennial irrigation, substantially to all Egypt; a subtraction of four feet means dry land, panting crops, and distress to the millions of fellaheen. As an illustration of the workings of the dam during one season, the reservoir, which began to fill on November 9, 1905, by January 9, 1906, had been filled to the maximum level, and the stored waters drawn on to increase the river supply, the added volume varying from 6,000,000 to 20,000,000 cubic meters daily. On July 21, 1906, by which time the flood

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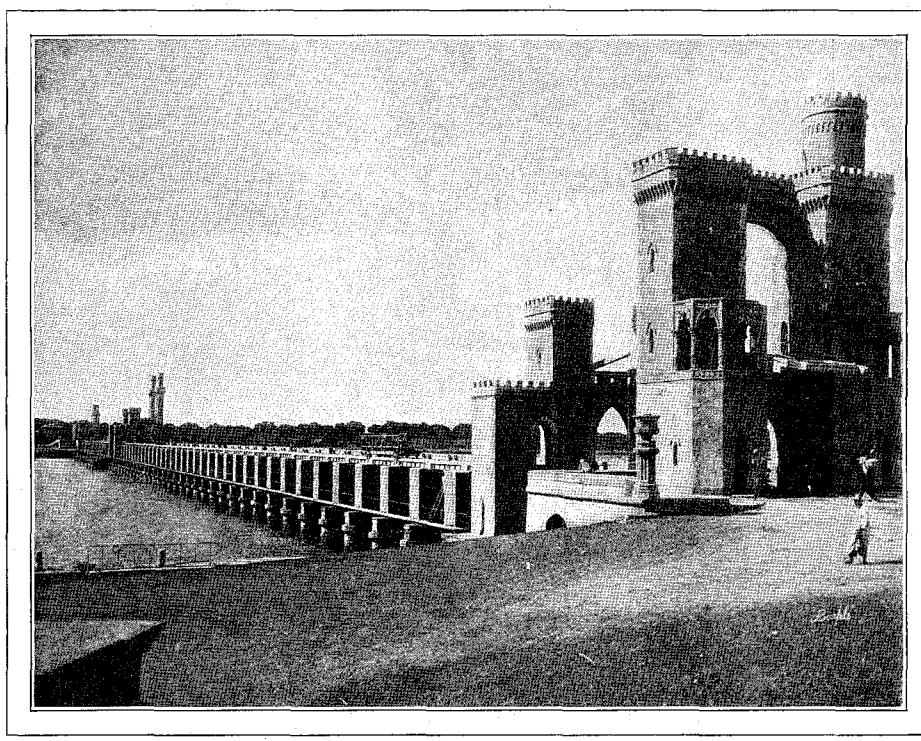

Damietta barrage below Cairo, Egypt.

waters had passed Assouan, the reservoir was emptied. The doubts felt regarding the ability of this mass of masonry, with its ancillary protective works, to withstand the severe action of the water having been dispelled by experience, the Egyptian Government in 1907 made provision for raising the structure twenty-three feet, the expectation being that the quantity of water impounded will be augmented by two and one-half times. This will increase the area of land perennially irrigated by 1,000,000 acres and will be attained by an expenditure of $7,500,000.

Though in the original dam the height was not great enough to submerge the temples and other ruins of the Island of Philæ, the enlargement which was begun in 1907 makes it inevitable that during flood time these imposing ruins will be under water and the great Temple of Isis will be inundated. The plans for the original construction were modified partly because of genuine sentiment. Egyptologists, archæologists, historians, artists, even tourists, protested against the materialistic iconoclasts who were ready to desecrate this memorial remnant of the Egypt of twenty-three centuries ago for the unsentimental purpose of bringing more land under tribute to man's physical necessities. Their protests were not unheeded, though perhaps less consideration would have been shown had not doubts existed about the strength of the dam masonry and the volume of water to which it could offer a passive but successful resistance. Yet time and familiarity dull the edge of reverence for antiquity, and no serious objections are now offered to the copiousness of the tears which Isis may shed over Osiris's tomb, even to the submerging of her own Temple. In Homeric superlatives it might be said that she drowns herself in her own tears and no hand is raised to save her. The extensive archæological excavations on both sides of the Nile, which are to be made with the assistance of American archæologists, may offer some compensation.

The real measure of the utility of irrigation works such as the Assouan dam is tested in a very practical manner. How

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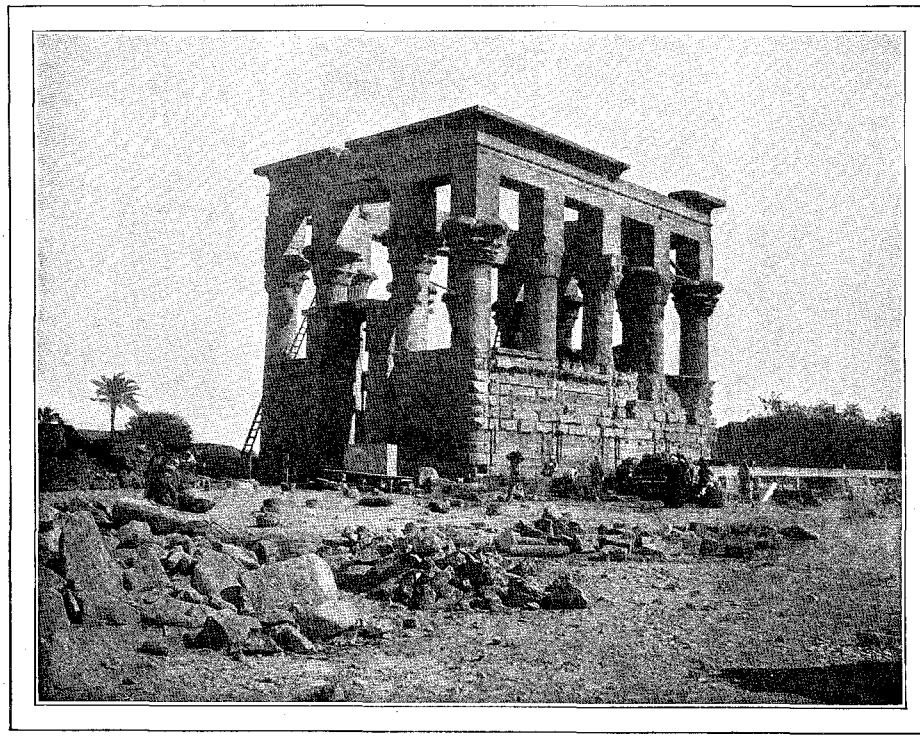

Temple of Isis, Island of Philæ, Egypt, which will be partly inundated after the completion of the new Assouan Dam.

much land is brought under the persuasive sway of the engineer? The enlarged area assured, is there increased productiveness? It has been demonstrated that in Egypt a given quantity of water now irrigates a larger area than in the centuries of the Pharaohs, so that the increased efficiency of the modern agency which man has brought under domination is established. In Joseph's time when Egypt was the world's granary, buyers came from foreign lands, so we may assume that, except in the years of famine, there was a surplus crop, though the Egyptologists have not uncovered for us the statistics of the export trade for any known year. But we have some fairly trustworthy estimates regarding the area which was more or less imperfectly irrigated. When King Amenemhat had carried through his Lake Moeris project to the confusion of the scoffers and the bewilderment of the doubters, and the Fayoum, together with the fat Delta lands, was yielding its abundance, Egypt had approximately 4,000,000 acres under cultivation. In the seventh year of the twentieth century, according to the last report of Lord Cromer, there were 3,133,000 acres under cultivation in Lower Egypt; 2,207,000 in Upper Egypt, making a total of 5,340,000 acres, while the uncultivated lands in Lower Egypt amounted to 934,000 and in Upper Egypt to 113,000 acres, or 6,387,000 acres in all. For the redemption of these uncultivated areas two things are necessary—an increase in the supply of water and reclamation works. Both appeal to the modern irrigation engineers because both must be provided on a huge scale. Captain Eads's Mississippi works seem to furnish the example for the reclamation and the drainage of the salt-impregnated barrens of the Delta—another instance of the new West bringing to the East the fruitage of its experience.

Economists who study the increased productivity of the earth which is secured through irrigation, when they come to Egypt will ponder on the cotton yield. In its fullest sense that is what future Egyptian irrigation means. The showing of the cotton yield of the Nile regions in values presents a remarkable series of ascending

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figures. In 1906 the increase in the value of the crop over the previous year was $30,000,000. Overcropping, boll weevil, and unfavorable conditions of the season from which Egypt is no more exempt than other cotton-growing regions, have been balanced by bringing increased areas under cultivation, so that an actual increase of 20,000,000 pounds in the crop of 1907, as compared with 1897, was obtained, the production for those years, a decade apart, being 654,313,000 pounds and 675,000,000 pounds respectively. The area under cotton in 1907 was slightly in excess of 1,500,000 acres and the average yield per acre was 445 pounds. In Lower Egypt 40 per cent. of the cultivated area or 1,260,000 acres is under cultivation and all of this section through having perennial irrigation is cotton-bearing. So by means of the Assouan dam the engineers have assured the permanency of this source of Egypt's wealth, since cotton can be grown on the same lands two years out of five.

By permission of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

An Arab peasant irrigating his date plantation, near Bagdad.

In Upper Egypt less than one-half the cultivated area is under perennial irrigation and the cotton-sown lands amount to 246,000 acres. Assuming that the whole of the basin lands in the northern half of Upper Egypt will be brought under perennial irrigation and that the uncultivated portions in both Upper and Lower Egypt ultimately will be reclaimed, Lord Cromer estimated that the cotton-bearing area will then extend over 5,600,000 acres, being the total out of 6,387,000 acres, less about 800,000 acres south of Assiout which is not suitable for cotton. On the basis of a 40 per cent. acreage per annum and a yield of 445 pounds per acre this, said Lord Cromer, might produce an annual cotton crop of 10,000,000 hundredweight of which 7,000,000 would consist of the fine varieties for which the Delta is famous, the balance representing the lower grade produced in Upper Egypt. The first step in securing this increase, which Sir William Garsten says may be arrived at in ten or fifteen years, is the raising of the Assouan dam, which adds 1,000,000 acres. A theoretical further increase is suggested in the reclamation of the lakes of Lower Egypt, which if carried out would add 800,000 acres to the cultivated area and 1,500,000 hundredweight to the cotton crop. Sir William Willcocks also estimates the ultimate cotton yield which may be obtained at 10,000,000 hundredweight.

In arriving at the sum total of the augmented national wealth of Egypt through the increase of cotton-bearing areas and of productivity per given area it may be found that subtractions also are necessary. Taking the country as a whole, sugar cane is decreasing, though when the Assouan dam was planned as much confidence was felt in the increase of cane as in that of cotton. In the southern Provinces it may hold its

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own for a time but in Middle Egypt the change from cane to cotton has been very marked. While wise Government policy dictates rotation of crops in the largest possible degree, nevertheless inexorable economic tendencies cannot be diverted. The unmistakable tendency is against the expansion and even the continuance on the extravagant but splendid system of irrigation which, in spite of prodigality, was justified by results. Other countries could produce foodstuffs; in selling grain Egypt sold not so much to them as in competition with them. In marketing cotton she has the whole world as a customer, including the United States, which needs this product for

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The irrigating pumps of Bagdad.

In front the ancient form; in the background the modern rotary pump. The ancient form consists of great bags of horse or cow hide which are lowered into the water by driving the horse up the incline and hauled up by driving the animal down it.

present scale of the sugar industry in which large sums have been lost. Egypt cannot compete with the more favored tropical countries in the production of cane sugar for export, nor with France, Austria, and Germany in furnishing the beet-root product, some of which she herself imports.

We may conclude that in cotton Egypt has a permanent world market, and for that reason this staple will be cultivated in preference to other crops. The change from the time of Joseph and his captive brethren to the epoch of Lord Cromer and the British Pro-consuls is one from corn to cotton. It is a sensible change because it eliminates competition in the crop grown for marketing. Its soundness was perceived by Mehemet Ali in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when he called in the French engineers and inaugurated the yarns, and in a recent year took $9,000,000 worth of it. But the prediction of Sir Samuel Baker that the transformation of the Libyan and Nubian deserts into cotton fields would render Great Britain independent of the United States, shows no sign of coming true. Experiments in growing cotton from Egyptian seed constantly are making in various parts of the world; but even with semi-satisfactory results, which up to this period have been obtained only on a limited scale, the increasing demand for cotton fabrics assures the continued supremacy of the Egyptian long staple. What this crop means to Egypt we can better appreciate when we know that though the present wheat and Indian corn areas are only 20 and 25 per cent. lower respectively than cotton, between 87 and 88 per cent. of her total exports are cotton

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and cottonseed, and this impressive fact further impresses us when we review the statistics and find that the foreign trade in 1907 was double what it was in 1897. It is a culminating chapter in the history of phenomenal progress in a phenomenal era, that discloses Egypt with nearly $250,000,000 of foreign trade, of which $125,000,000 is exports, and of these exports $100,000,000 is raw cotton. The miracles of modern irrigation in storing the waters of the Nile and of improved agricultural machinery, both Western innovations, secure this production, and Egypt gives back to the Western World $100,000,000 worth of the raw material wherewith to clothe its people. A temporary stress due to over-speculation, not in the irrigated lands but in areas yet to be irrigated, does not lessen the actual crop values.

If the experiments in growing Egyptian cotton in India should succeed, the law of compensation between countries and their peoples might be said to be working, though the 300,000,000 natives of India are not in a position quite like that of the 11,000,000 inhabitants of Egypt. It was the experience which the British engineers obtained in their struggles with the rivers of the Himalayas that helped them to solve the ages-old problems of the Nile. Though the irrigation systems of India cannot be traced back to the dim fringes of human history as in Egypt, in the former country there are ruins of irrigation works of remote centuries. The Ganges and the Indus were the floods of life and the drouths of death to the ancients as to the moderns.

The Mahrattas of the South, the ruling race of the Rajputs in the North, and their conquerors, the Moguls, were irrigationists. The grand anicut of Madras, a solid mass of rough stones 1,000 feet in length, forty to sixty feet in breadth, and fifteen to eighteen feet in depth, which stretched across the Cauvery River, by tradition runs back to the second century. The immense Bari Doab canal of the present day in the North was the Hasli canal of the Mogul dynasties, which carried the waters of the Ravi River to the region of Lahore, a distance of 130 miles. The inundation canals of Multan were the work of a strenuous Mohammedan engineer, the celebrated canal maker of the sixteenth century, Diwan Sawn Mal.

Broadly speaking there are three classes of Indian irrigation works—canals, tanks,* and wells. The first class consists in the diversion of the waters of the rivers either by perennial or by inundation canals; the second consists of storage works and of hollows and other natural depressions of which the water is utilized; and the third is of works for giving access to the subterranean supply or of vertically lifting to the general level from waters running deep below. The latter method is of immemorial usage.

The tanks and inundation canals were the primeval Indian system. The Chembranbankum tank in Madras covered an area of nine square miles and irrigated numberless rice fields. The British engineers drew many suggestions from the tank irrigation system of southern India and the canals constructed by the Moslem rulers in northern India. Southern India has not changed essentially either as to productive irrigation works or as to protective ones in which famine protection is the main end to be served. But in the north modern methods have achieved miraculous results.

The general principles of irrigation as applied and practiced in India are enchanting in their suggestiveness. We are told that theoretically one cubic foot of water running one month will cover an area of sixty acres to a depth of one foot; but the imaginative view is more vividly expressed in the comparison of an irrigation canal to a great machine composed of many parts whose efficiency is to be calculated after the manner of a steam engine. The parts are the main canal, the distributaries, the village watercourses, and the cultivators who supply the water to the fields. Each cubic foot entering the head of the canal is expended in waste by absorption and evaporation; by the cultivator's carelessness and by other indirect ways; and in useful irrigation of the land. To limit the waste and to add to the positive factors of useful irrigation are the common task of the engineer and the administrative officer, the double functions sometimes being combined in one person.

The workings of irrigation are shown in the Ganges canal, the headwaters of which are at Hardwar in the Northwest Provinces, where the Jumna River is diverted. The

*The term "tanks," though universally used, is misleading; lakes and reservoirs are meant.

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main Ganges canal is 600 miles long, with distributary branches aggregating 3,400 miles, so that there is 4,000 miles of canalization. The area irrigated by this section of the system is approximately 850,000 acres, which is less than the increased acreage which Egypt expects to obtain through raising the Assouan dam. But for concrete example of the methods of modern irrigation, the construction and maintenance of storage and reservoir works, and the control of distribution, a single region must suffice. The best example is the region in which the melted Himalayan snows are most beneficent, the Punjab, that is, the sacred locality where the Aryan race halted and settled—the background of the Hindu religions and of the Vedic literature of 3,000 years ago. Punjab literally signifies the land of the Five Rivers. The watercourses of the Ravi, the Boas, the Sutlej, the Chenab, and the Jhelum, are all fed from the Himalayas and all finally borne to the Arabian Sea through the channels of the Indus. They include the Hyphasis, the Hydraostes, the Acesnes, the Hydaspes of Alexander and his Macedonians.

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Scene along Indus River, India.

The guardian Indus, which exceeded all the other wandering rivers by its strength, is described in the Veda as the unconquered, the mighty, swift as a young horse, fair as a maiden, handsome and young, clothed in rich garments, in gold and gems.

It was lord in the van of all the moving streams.* Like a king of battle it roared with the roar of a bull, leading its tributaries to the front. The fiercest of these tributaries were the Chenab and the Jhelum, which joined before they added their lusty waters to the roaring Indus flood.

But though the Indus still rears and champs, its sinews are not as once. Its power is weakened because the Chenab and the Jhelum are bridled, yoked, bitted; and the one is made to give of its strength to the other, for the furious Jhelum's overflow is borne across the country by the simple device of a canal to the calmer Chenab, and then is distributed to the irrigation areas of that district. The Chenab dam is the most recent of the extensive reservoir works.

* "To thee, O Sindhu (Indus), they come as lowing mother cows run to their young with their milk. Like a king in battle thou leadest the two wings when thou reachest the front of these down-rushing rivers.

"Sparkling, bright, with mighty splendor she carries the water across the plains—the unconquered Sindhu, the quickest of the quick, like a beautiful mare, a sight to see."

—Max Müller.

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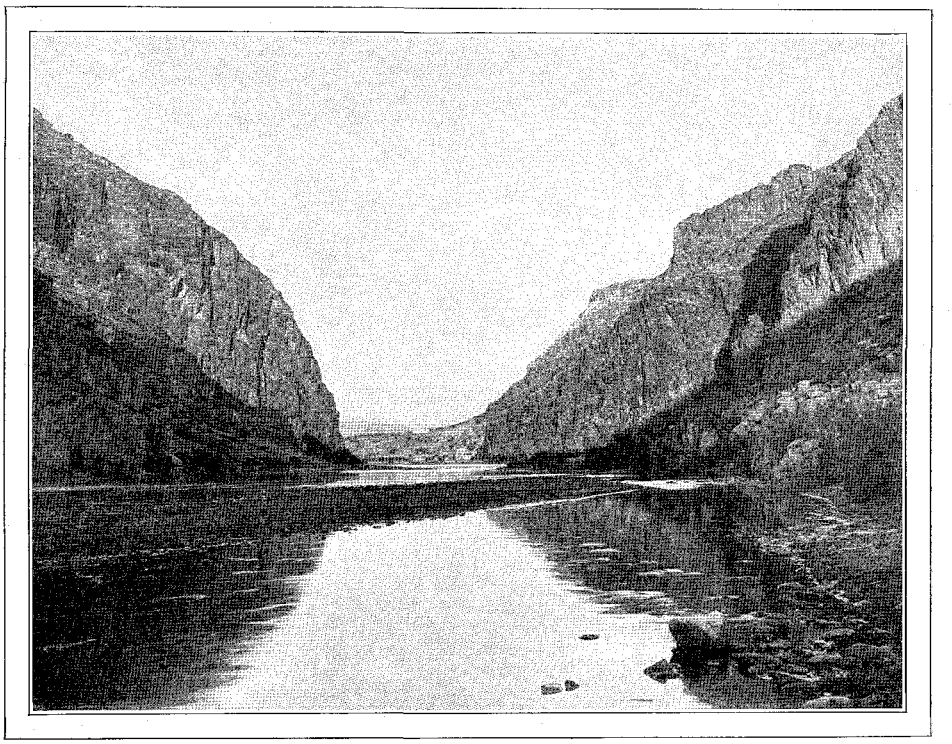

From photograph by U. S. Reclamation Service.

Roosevelt Dam site, Salt River irrigation project, Arizona.

Religious sentiment and utility are both served because the Pool of Immortality of the Golden Temple at Amritsar, no longer fed by the legendary dews of heaven, draws its supply from the Bari Doab canal, which is part of this system. The warlike Sikhs, if they do not wash their sins away by bathing in the canal waters, at least secure all the benefits of hygienic observances.

The tremendous force of the Himalayan floods can be seen in the railway journey to Rawalpindi, or along any of the pony trails into Kashmir. When the low knife-like edges of the lower ridges come into view, the change from the irrigated lands to barren blowhole hills and hummocky plains is startling. The pitholes, the scooped hollows, the hatchet gashes, and the sickle-like slashes all appear to be the result of volcanic action. But this was not the cause; the earth was thus torn and wounded, and its entrails left exposed, by the resistless rush of the mad hill-floods. The taming of these wild torrents by means of storage and reservoir works has been the task of the irrigation engineers in recent years, and the surface of the Punjab has changed from desert dun to lustrous green while the verdure of the already cultivated fields has taken on a deeper hue.

Who can fail to share in the enthusiasm and even the ecstasy of the makers of these works? For it is given to the irrigation engineer and those who come after him to see their labor fructify and bloom under their own eyes. The personality of the doer is mirrored and reflected in the personality of the thing done, which takes on the attributes of sentient existence.

India is the land of contrasts and wonders. When the rains come wonderful is the change of the parched plains, dusty and sere; of the brown, baked fields, the drab mimosa trees, and the spiritless russet grasses, to vivid vegetation. The Anglo-Indian forgives the distressing sameness of the bleary landscape, and on a day when the surface of the soil cracking under the blistering rays of the Indian sun is clamoring for the relief of moisture, his imagination mellows; and, while you gasp in breathing the stifling dry atmosphere, he tells you

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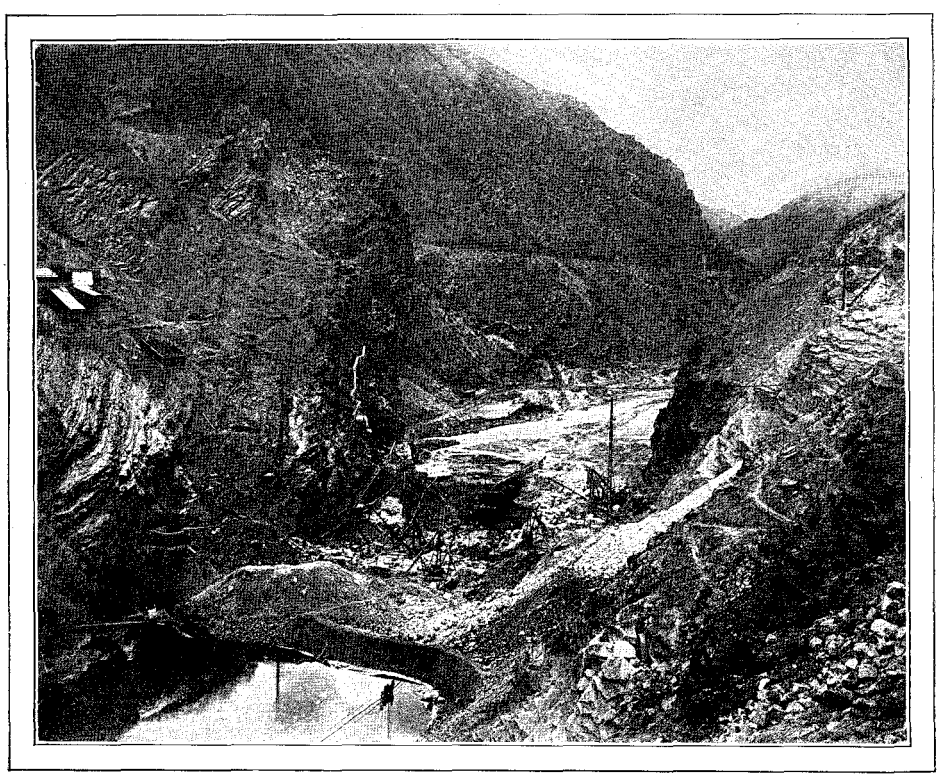
of the miracle of genial nature that will be when the southwest monsoon breaks and the clouds kiss the earth in copious showers and bathe it with their tears, weeping for the suffering that the ryot has endured while watching his dying crops. A land of contrasts, a wonderful country—when the drouth is broken.

More marvellous still is the miracle of man's doing, which waits not on the moods of the monsoon but assures with the rotation of the seasons the living vegetation, because he has the means of assuring it in the waters he holds in leash and can let loose from the reservoirs and inundation canals. The productive plain transformed from parchedness to plenteousness by the pounding rains is a glorious sight, yet the metamorphosis may be late in coming or may not come at all, and then there is woe and suffering and death from famine for millions. But the barren desert once transformed is a regularly recurring paradise.

I thought of the difference in these miracles one October morning when crossing the Great Western Desert in the chatty companionship of an irrigation engineer from up country. The feathery silver gray tufts of the tall pampas grass softened the stretches of hummocky sands, the fields of millet just yellowing and of whitening cotton disclosed themselves, and the water buffalo browsed contentedly in the pastures. Moved by the scene the young Englishman told me of his experience and of the experience of others like him charged with the construction and the maintenance of the irrigation works and the distribution of the nourishing water; canalwallas he and his brother superintendents are called. There was first the repellent arid area with no green, no life, no promise of life; silent, voiceless, hopeless for human existence as it seemed. Then came the engineering reconnoissances, studies of the watercourses and surveys for canal channels, "locating the lines," railway men would say. And next the plans for capturing and confining the waste water power, even changing the river courses and, if not making the streams



From photograph by U. S. Reclamation Service.

Work on Roosevelt Dam, showing two coffer-dams or false works, Arizona.

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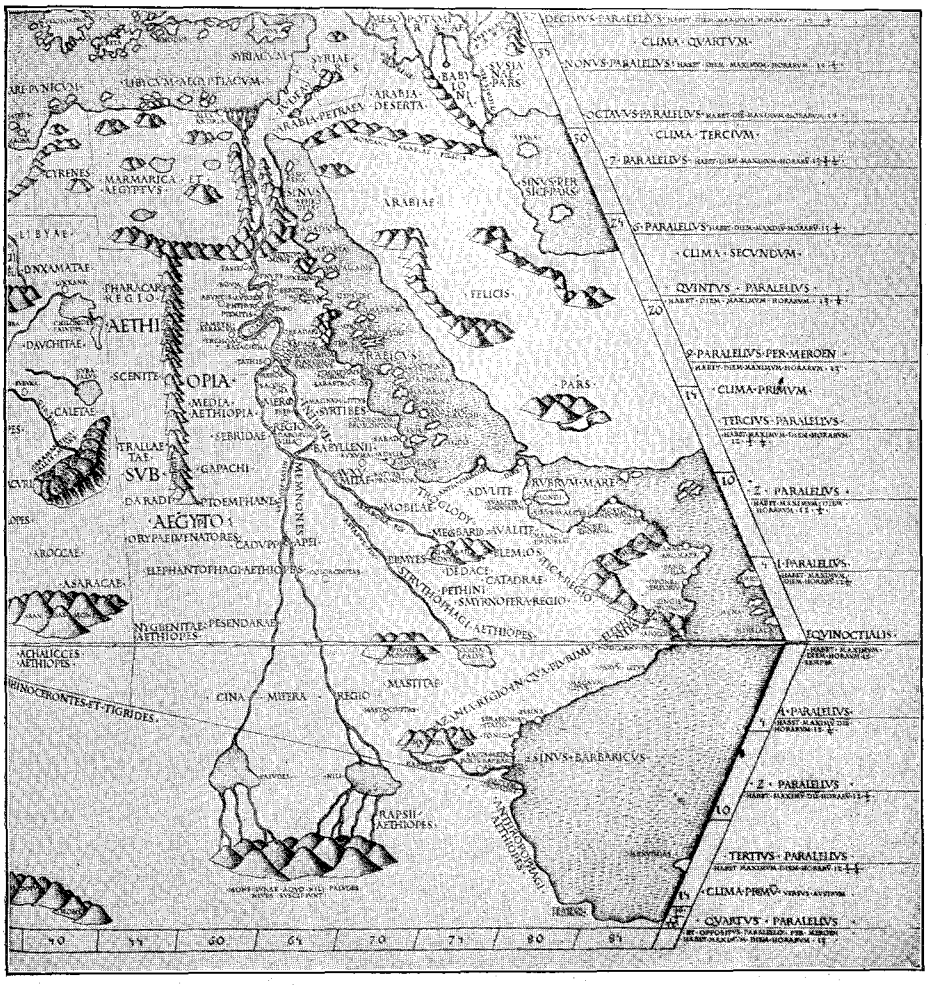

Sources of the Nile.

Section of the map of Claudius Ptolomæus, the second century Egyptian geographer. From the print of 1490 in the Congressional Library.

run uphill, at least causing them to leave their old beds and flow in other directions. After that the construction of the conversion and storage works and reservoirs; and then veining the land by the network of canals and ditches; the prisoning of the sterile stretches by water metes and bounds; the redemption of the wastes and sands by carefully calculated distribution of fixed quantities of moisture. Periods of discouragement, too; intermittent and remittent fever of constructive enthusiasm and actual physical illness also—for in the first years the desert, even as the swamp, takes its revenge at being upturned, and malaria grips its spoilers.

Yet man conquers. The packed population of the over-crowded districts thins out a little and spreads along the canal banks. Hamlets grow into villages; the soil responds to the rude hoe and the forked tree branch with which the ryot scratches it. The canalwalla watches the transformation. The oversight of the water distribution, the impartial and exact allotment of his proper share to each cultivator, watching lest the knavish cultivators filch more than their share, and above all the prevention of the waste to which the ryot, like all Orientals, is prone—these duties keep him busy; but when the night comes he doesn't mind saying that he is a bit lonesome in his

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bungalow, a lonesomeness that gives the faint-hearted nostalgia and often causes them to "chuck their job" and get back to the society of their fellows. The braver canalwalla stays, and though he has his pipe and his "peg" of whiskey and soda, and his book and dog, and a copy of *Punch*, these are not always enough. A small army of servants call him Sahib, and when he is out of humor are pleased that he swears at them and cuffs them. Some among the villagers may speak a little book English, but it is not the tongue of his own people, for the villagers are not of the manner of thought of his own people and of himself. It is this entire lack of intellectual sympathy and companionship that makes him feel an alien in all that surrounds him. So often he has a bad night of it.

But the morning brings its recompense. He looks about him and is glad. The blade of grass which he nurtured in the white sands has multiplied a million-fold; it is there spread out under the purple sky, in waving yellow corn and yellower mustard, green alfalfa, ripening rice, orange sugar-cane, milk-white cotton, and saffron wheat. Human life is around him, too. The ryots are in the field, the harvest is being gathered, the bullocks are treading out the grain already garnered; the canalwalla's day has begun, his command over the waters and their users gives him no time for homesickness, the hours pass, he is fretted, annoyed by petty perplexities; but ever and anon he thinks of the desert that was, of how it has blossomed under his own eyes; of the unfailing procession of crops which passes before his sight, and he is content.

Thus the young Englishman pictured it all to me, unconscious while his enthusiasm kindled and his visage brightened that he was portraying the lights and shades, the romance of life in irrigated India. It was the Western doer in the midst of his works.

The Punjab is the best example of the irrigation doer's works. It throbs with the feeling and flashes with the color of the real India. Hindu, Sikh, and Mohammedan variegate it with their racial and religious characteristics as with their many-hued garments. Its grain fields help to feed the hungry millions of the West—that is, Europe—and the railways now speed its harvest to famine-stricken districts in other parts of India.

The area of the agricultural region between the Indus and the Jumna is about equal to the State of Pennsylvania. The average rainfall is only twenty-two inches, and without artificial aid its productive capacity would be definitely limited. Its life-blood is the Sirhind Canal, 550 miles long with more than 4,600 miles of distributary branches. A vast network of interlacing canals distributes the waters of its snow-fed rivers over the billiard table surface of its once arid plains. In 1907, 6,300,000 acres had yielded to the spell of irrigation as against 2,341,000 in 1887. Appreciable progress in twenty years! The sugar-cane, linseed and other oil seeds, millet, alfalfa, corn, and wheat are now worth $60,000,000 annually—something for the home consumer, something for the foreign buyer. The cotton area is approximately 1,400,000 acres; wheat, 8,000,000; other cereals, 9,000,000; rice, 600,000; and sugar cane, 350,000.

After the Punjab comes the geographical continuation known as the Sind. Its sustaining stream is the wilful, wasteful Indus, with the water waves on the surface and the waves of sand on the bottom jointly shaping its capricious course. The river's eccentricity is mathematical. The Indus from its source in the Tibetan Himalayas to the gaping mouths which it opens to discharge through the Delta into the Arabian Sea, is 1,800 miles long and its basin covers an area equal to the State of Texas. The ancients utilized its banks and provided inundation levels as best they could, but to the modern engineer from the West was left the scientific control of its flood waters by means of distributing canals. There is an area of 30,000,000 acres of which 14,000,000 are capable of cultivation if water can be obtained. Four million acres are yet to be "commandeered," that is, brought within the sway of available engineering resources. The Sind in 1896 had 2,562,000 acres under productive irrigation; in 1906, the area was 3,192,000 acres. Cotton is its hope, and possibly Egyptian cotton at that. With a cotton acreage of 250,000 it has produced 125,000 bales of 500 pounds each.

The total irrigated area of the Indian Empire under control of the State is ap-

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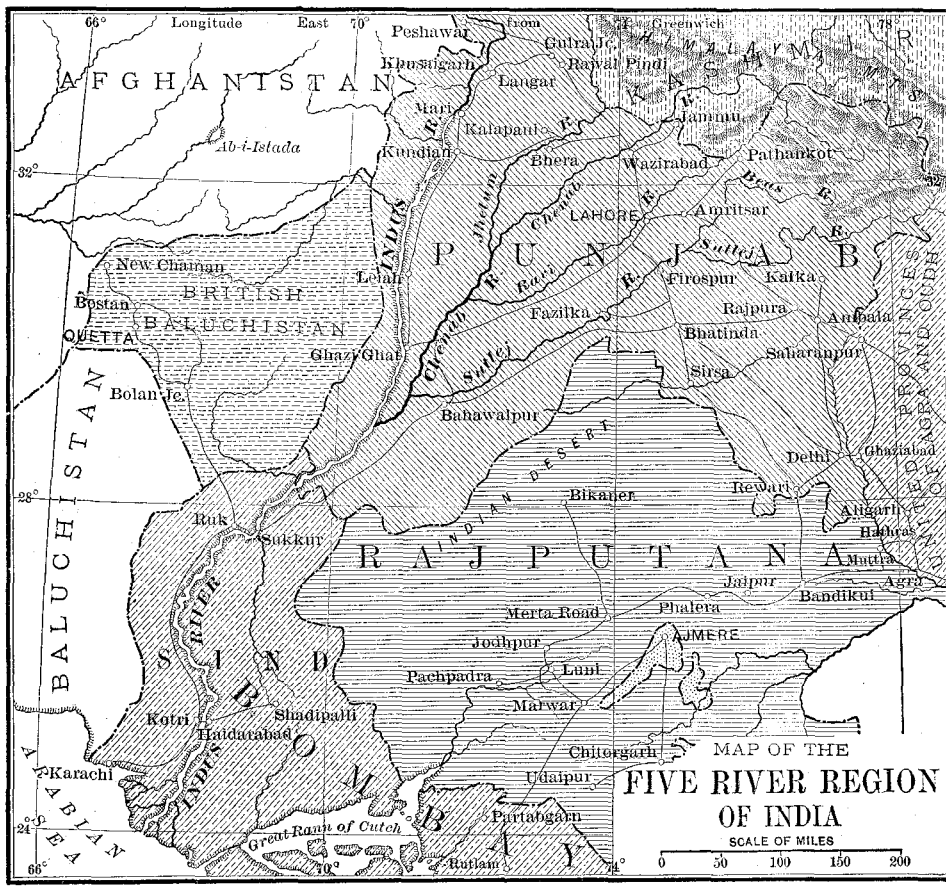

Map of the Five River region of India.

proximately 43,000,000 acres, of which 19,000,000 is from canals, 6,000,000 from wells, 10,000,000 from tanks, and 8,000,000 from other sources. Private irrigation works represent an additional 26,000,000 acres. The value of the irrigated crops is roughly estimated as between $140,000,000 and $150,000,000. As a business investment irrigation has been profitable to the Indian Government, the moderate interest on the loans by which many of the works have been carried on sinking into insignificance in comparison with the returns on capital outlay. In the Chenab they have risen as high as 25 per cent, while the average for the whole country is more than 7 per cent. But the dividends in the form of reduced famine suffering have been incalculable.

Yet the ryot is backward in availing himself of all the good that might be obtained from irrigation. Human muscles swing the dip bucket from level to level or the sighing of the sakiyeh voices the vain protest of the weary tramping oxen where the oil engine and the centrifugal pump would lift the water more cheaply, easily and surely. The bent stick scratches the earth where the light plow would turn it over more effectively. The sickle and the scythe laboriously reap the fields that the modern harvester would swallow at a gulp; through days the bullock treads out the grain and the wind winnows the chaff that the twentieth century thrasher would "clean up" in an hour. The representatives of the New West, fresh from the Illinois prairies, sent out by the makers of improved agricultural machinery to establish model farms so that the market for the factory's output may be enlarged, cannot fully sympathize with the enthusiasm of the irrigation engineer. The American groans

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in contemplating a Hindu cultivator content with the implements of his ancestors thirty centuries back, and is indignant when told that the Hindu is peering through the Past to the Mysterious Beginning and that not till he sees plows and pumps, harrows and cultivators, mowers and thrashers taking form in the filminess of that Beginning will he use them. The wait is too long for the drummer's patience, but he need not be without hope.* The pumping machines are installed on the banks of the Nile; the Arab has fixed his irrigating plant under the shadow of the Sphinx; iron plows are turning the soil all over Egypt. To India Western progress is coming through Egyptian example. Modern India is budding slowly by the banks of thousands of irrigating canals and ditches; it is helping to feed the West; its foreign purchases are increasing and one day a heavy item in these foreign purchases will be farm tools and pumps for the irrigated areas.

If after having accepted modern irrigation the Hindu land appears slow in welcoming the implements which make it more effective, there may be consolation in the knowledge that another ancient land in which irrigation was the nursery of an advanced civilization now awaits the engineer to restore its former productivity. Mesopotamia is a memory-stirring word, conjuring visions of the Chaldæan, Assyrian, and Babylonian nations, of biblical associations, of Nebuchadnezzar's golden image on the plains of Bagdad, and Xenophon's retreat with the ten thousand Greeks through the region of the one hundred canals. A thousand years before Christ the Nahrawan canal flowed among "overlapping and extensive villages, date groves and well-cultivated lands."

What caused the Tigris to leave its bed above Bagdad, how the great catastrophe came and overwhelmed the inhabitants, we may leave for future discussion. We remain with the knowledge that in the twentieth century only tidal or backwater irrigation exists to fertilize the date-palm plantations and the alfalfa fields. We know that the irrigating pumps of Bagdad are as they were thousands of years ago—great bags of horsehide or cowhide lowered into the water by the horse travelling up the incline while the water is hauled up by driving the animal down it. At the same time the modern rotary pump is seen, the herald of further advances. The reclamation of Mesopotamia is the work for the twentieth century by Western engineers, but it will only be undertaken in conjunction with the Bagdad Railway, of which I shall have something to say in a subsequent article.

Yet Mesopotamia is already in touch with the arid region of the United States, for through the initiative of the Department of Agriculture in Washington it is contributing date palms and alfalfa to the reclaimed lands of the Southwest. The Colorado responds to India in the weir type of dam which answers for this river as for the Indus. The Southwest calls back to Egypt, too, for the Colorado, the "American Nile," drains an area whose similarity of soil, products and climate to the valley of the Nile furnishes a genuine parallel, and the Salton Sea has its counterpart in the Fayoum hollow.

It is enough for us to take the United States Reclamation Service as it is, in order to consider very briefly the conquest of the desert in this country and the redemption of sagebrush and sand. We learn that the arid area once comprised 50,000,000 acres; that during the last quarter of a century 10,000,000 acres have been wrested from the rainless wilderness; that the works now under way will reclaim 1,000,000 acres; that ultimately 6,500,000 acres will be redeemed and that in some sections the soil will command $1,000 per acre, equal to the richest regions of the Nile, and furnishing a vast addition to the wealth of an already wealthy nation.

Knowing the results, actual and prospective, we turn to the engineering works, the miracles of modern irrigation, which make these achievements possible. Our national vanity and our patriotic sense of bigness are gratified with the knowledge that the Tonto reservoir in Idaho will contain more water than is stored by the Assouan dam; that the Pathfinder dam in Wyoming, with its height of 210 feet, gives a storage reservoir equal to 1,000,000 acres of water, one foot deep, spread over the surface; that the Shoshone dam, with its concrete masonry arch, is the highest structure of its kind, exceeding 300 feet; that the Colorado River dam above Yuma, which is of the India weir

*The use of harvesters was noted in the Punjab Canal districts during the crop season of 1907.

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type, is a mass of masonry resting on sand because no bed-rock could be found, and that its weight is 600,000 tons; and—a final chapter in the living book of reservoirs and storage works, dams, cement-lined tunnels, ditches and canals—that the sandstone and cement structure known as the Roosevelt dam on Salt River above Phœnix, Arizona, is the largest in the world, will create the largest artificial lake in the world, will store the largest quantity of water of any reservoir in the world, and will irrigate 260,000 acres.

We contemplate these monuments of daring engineering genius converting destructive elements into constructive forces, we see the desert areas of the United States turning into green gardens and golden harvests, even as the sands of Egypt and the arid regions of India change under the inspiring guidance of the Western mind, newly applying the old force, and we say, as the Hindu says of Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu—creator, destroyer, and preserver—

"It is well."

ITALIA LIBERATA

By Grant Showerman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

I

EVERYONE who has walked up the Venti Settembre remembers Porta Pia, how in its central arch is framed a ravishing perspective of the verdure of distant umbrella pines and ilexes, rising from gardens on the Via Nomentana and silhouetted against far-away blue-gray mountain walls under a heaven as golden-toned as the skies of Perugino himself.

Near the Ministero delle Finanze, from where pines and ilexes, sky, and gate in their frame of architecture seem most like a dainty Renaissance landscape, I turned into a gaping *portone* on the left, eluded the spider-like watchfulness of the *portiere*, and ascended the winding marble stair to number nine *interno* of the fourth floor. There, in black letters on a white enamelled plate, were the same words, read on the printed and stamped card above the great street door, which had prompted me to come up:

Marianna Squarciarelli in Bocconi
Pensione e Camere
Piano IV, Interno 9.

It was the sixth sign of the day, and the twenty-seventh of that week; and I had grown so accustomed to failure that when Italia Liberata opened the door and appeared to me for the first time in this mortal life—a black-eyed, black-haired, oval-faced, olive-complexioned, white-aproned, red-ribboned, rather matronly girl of eighteen, with a decidedly agreeable manner, and showed me a room with southern exposure, displayed to my astonished eyes a sample *menu* card written over with tempting suggestions, assured me that the family sat at table with their guests, and that the company was good and spoke nothing but Italian, and concluded by naming a price undreamably moderate, I felt the great burden of my soul rolled away, and in the first flush of surprise and satisfaction accepted her terms without thinking to inquire, with the usual caution, whether I must pay in gold; whether matches and candle were included; how often the linen was to be changed; whether I must buy my own soap; whether there would be rugs on the floor in cold weather, and whether on some days I might have a *scaldino* in the room—or the portable tin box called in Italy a stove; how much wine was allowed per day, and whether there was any limit to the right to *maccheroni;* how often dessert was served; how much and how often the servants were to be tipped; whether I might have keys to the *portone* and the *appartamento—e così via via dicendo.* You see, I had been read-

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ing guide-books and listening to the advice of friends, and was strictly on guard—at least under ordinary circumstances—after the usual needlessly exaggerated manner of visitors to Italy who have had advisers and read books.

But regret was uncalled for. It was just as Italia said at Casa Bocconi, and better. It was not only life in an Italian family, but life with the Italian nation. The dozen persons who sat at table with Italia and her parents represented nearly every *compartimento* from Piedmont to Sicily, and illustrated all types of Italian character—from the soft-spoken, dove-eyed Venetian to the fiery and excitable Palermitano; from the slow and self-complacent matron from Turin to the vivacious Neapolitan lady who could endure no one from north of the Roman line, and flew into a passion of *Orrore's!* and *Dio mio's!* because the Bolognese doctor's clothes smelled of carbolic acid.

And over them all reigned Marianna, the mother of Italia—to be exact, Marianna Squarciarelli in Bocconi, which, as I discovered after several weeks of wonderment, was only the Italian way of saying Mrs. Brown-Jones, and meant Marianna Squarciarelli in the Bocconi family, or Marianna Bocconi *née* Squarciarelli.

Marianna was a short, round lady of something less than middle age, with azure eyes and a pleasant pink-and-white face surmounted by a roll of beautiful gray hair, which was almost white, and capable of becoming quite so by a process the secret of which she alone knew. During her days of good-humor—and who, at first sight of the rosy freshness of her round face, and the twinkle of her blue eye, would not have been convinced that such days were in the majority?—Marianna was vivacity itself. She talked incessantly, punctuating her sallies of wit with little peals of laughter, spirited tossings of the head, exaggerated shrugs of the shoulders, and a variety of *ecco's!* and *eh's!* and other explosives until her auditors were captivated; and did not wonder that old Ettore still addressed her by the charming diminutive, Mariannina.

Mariannina's great accomplishment was extempore illustration. "The Count of Spartivento! The one with the big head and short legs? *Eh! che bel uomo! Vi faccio vedere! Eccolo!*" and with a degree of skill and rapidity born of true participation in the dramatic gift of her nation, she would seize the decanter, a roll, and two napkins in their rings, and arrange them with the eye of an artist, capping the felicitous outcome of her venture with a triumphant *ecco!* amid the applause of an admiring company.

But not all days are bright and sunshiny and inspiring. Some days at Rome must be sultry; and then Mariannina would appear in very careless and informal costume, plying her fan, while her face, much redder than usual, gave evidence of vexation of spirit. Some days must be dark and dreary during the Roman winter; and then, when the light of her countenance was most needed, Mariannina would be silent and irritable, and would leave the table at the earliest possible moment, while ever and anon those whose rooms were nearest the kitchen would hear a shrill voice rise above the noise of clanging pots and pans, and servants would move about with a cowed and moody look.

"*Sicuro, sicuro!*" ejaculated Annunziata, when asked to prepare a lunch by the guest who was going to head an excursion into the Campagna. "As the signore will. He shall have it immediately, immediately!" and she flew down the corridor in the direction of the kitchen. Mariannina was in the electrically surcharged state of passionate irritation known only to Italian sufferers from the *scirocco*. She exploded in the twinkling of an eye, with a violence as great as it was unpremeditated and sudden. "*Ma che! Ma che ma che! Questi maledetti forestieri*—these accursed foreigners! *No! No! No no no! Corpo di bacco!* Let them eat in the house or buy their lunch elsewhere! *Dio dio dio dio dio dio! Ac-c-ci-den-n-nte! No no NO—e via!*"

For some minutes the storm raged, filling the corridor with reverberations; and then, rather suddenly, subsided. There was an interval of silence, and Annunziata came forth bearing the lunch, with a countenance slightly pale and somewhat strained, but smiling. The excursion to the Campagna went forward; and when, after long, genial hours amid the peaceful silence of broad solitudes, under wide skies that dropped benedictions down upon their uplifted hearts, the guests returned at evening and resumed their places at the table, none greeted them more affably than Mariannina, or in-

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quired with more solicitude whether they had enjoyed the day and the lunch.

Who could resist her? The traces of her outburst were no more visible than those of the November cloud-burst which had deluged the city in the morning and given place, all in an hour, to clearing breezes and sunny skies. And as for her swearing, every Englishman or American knows perfectly well that profanity in foreign tongues is as sinless as it is miserably insufficient and unsatisfying.

Italia's father, Ettore Bocconi, the *padrone di casa*, was in the fifties, and had but recently suffered the reverse of fortune which was responsible for the present means of supporting the Bocconi household. He was a vigorous type, however, and his troubles had not diminished his natural gifts of courage and cheer. Of large frame and heavy, he was nevertheless without a suggestion of corpulence—as quite befitted a namesake of the great Trojan. He wore a moderately long gray beard and mustache, the line of baldness was gradually approaching the level of his heavy, rather elongated ears, and the bushy brows and monumental features of his oval face comported well with the dignity of bearing which was natural to him. He was several inches above the average stature, as Mariannina was below it, and in token of his size and position he had a large, barrel-shaped glass, with a handle, for his wine, instead of the ordinary goblet set before the others.

But although gifted with an imposing exterior, Ettore was a child, and a child of nature. The freshness of blue sky and bracing winter air entered the house with him as he came striding to his seat at the table with an excuse for his tardiness improvised into a recitative, which he roared out with all the vigor of his powerful lungs: "*Signori e signore, scusatemi se a quest' ora mi presento!*" Geniality pervaded the atmosphere when he was near, for he was kind and sympathetic, and his vigorous personality inspired confidence—a Roman from the seventh generation, he was wont to call himself. He would affectionately caress his lofty bald pate and call it the dome of St. Peter's. He beamed on the company, narrated his experiences of the morning loudly and with gusto, ate and drank enormously, bethought himself of kindnesses, and made promises on the instant of favors, whose fulfilment would have been impossible for their very number, even if the facility with which he forgot them had not precluded any attempt to carry them out.

Ettore's darker moods were as natural as his lighter. The clouds and rain, or the heavy *scirocco*, had an inevitable effect on him, though they never caused him to lose his kindness. During his temporary obscurations he would eat and drink in silence and abstraction, and nothing but the bright glare of the evening lights and the sallies of a cheerful company at table could call out his happy mood again.

Ettore was a patriot to the core. Vittorio Emanuele Secondo was his ideal soldier and statesman, the Italian wars of independence the greatest conflicts of the age, the taking of Rome the most glorious event in history. "*Ah!* The *Re Galantuomo! Per bacco baccone!* There was a king! And Garibaldi! *Un gran bel uomo quello-là, sa! Ma questi tempi*—but now, *Dio mio!* There are no patriots *now! Povera Italia!*"

Ettore and Mariannina had been blessed by fortune with two children, both girls. With memories of the glorious seventies vivid in his mind, he had named them Italia Liberata and Roma Emancipata. His friends had smiled, but Ettore had never done a more serious thing in his whole career, and still regarded his choice of names as divinely inspired—or would have done so, had he not entertained a hatred of divine inspiration as great as that which he felt for the Church itself, in whose guilt, from a confusion of ideas not altogether incomprehensible, he supposed it to share.

For Ettore hated the Pope and the Vatican, and all that appertained thereto, with a blind and unreasoning passion which led him to utter the wildest extravagances, and the naming of Roma Emancipata was a true index of his sentiments. His spoken opinions on the subject of religion were anything but well-balanced, a fault due perhaps more to his very honesty and impulsiveness than to his lack of judgment. In his blind warfare against Catholic Christendom he had come to look upon the evils of the Church as the evils of religion, and attacked both with impartiality. At times he would break off in the midst of one of his tirades and declare, half in jest, half in earnest, "What I have always said is that we need another Nero!" and then, by way

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of repeating the sentiment, he would sing, or rather bellow, with boisterous humor:

"Ci vuo-le un Ne-ro-o-o-ne!"

But Ettore's religious ideas were just as vague as they were violent. In general, he cherished a great admiration for Protestants—not because he understood them and thought them more enlightened than Catholics, but because he was conscious in a general way that they were hostile to the old faith; and so he was petrified with astonishment when told one day that the Protestants, too, worshipped Christ; and his enthusiasm for them diminished perceptibly from that day.

If he hated the Church in general, the Gesuiti were the particular objects of Ettore's hatred. He had quantities of pamphlets exposing their dark deeds which he was anxious to lend to every new acquaintance; and frequently denounced them, with many flourishes of rhetoric remembered from the same pamphlets, as the sole cause of all the troubles of his beloved land. Woe betide his enemies if once he gets them on the hip! was the involuntary thought of one who for the first time heard Ettore in one of these ferocious onslaughts; but in a moment some chance remark would divert his attention, he would address some pleasantry to Marianna, still the Mariannina of his heart, and in the next moment would begin to regale the company with a scandalous story reflecting upon priestly character and conduct, in the recounting of which he would experience uncontrollable transports of delight.

Brave, honest, unassuming old Ettore! Open-handed, open-hearted, kindly, loyal, affectionate, genial old pagan—for that is what you are, a pagan, but one of the good sort—*naturaliter Christiani*—such as we would fain believe to have existed in abundance even in the worst days of Rome—may years and care rest light upon you, and may fortune grant me to tread once more the streets of the city before you have left it to lie under the cypresses of San Lorenzo!

II

Italia sat between Ettore and Mariannina. Roma Emancipata, alas! was no more; she had died while yet in her infancy, and the affection which she could not claim fell to the lot of Italia.

And Italia merited all that was bestowed on her. With features resembling those of both her parents, like Mariannina in vivacity, and like Ettore in geniality and kindness, she satisfied the two requirements demanded of all persons admitted to favor by the Italian nation: she was *bella*, and she was *simpatica*. Added to these qualifications, which established her on unimpeachable ground with all Italy, were the virtues of modesty, perfect obedience, and respectfulness, which made her a model daughter. She never failed in dutiful deeds and dutiful attitude—never went into the street unless accompanied by her parents or some very near relative, never received calls unless in their presence, never wrote letters without submitting her manuscript to them, and never received letters without allowing them to scan the contents. To be sure, she sometimes discussed topics and gave utterance to words which are not allowable at an American table—but Italia didn't know that, and was free from all embarrassment. A spade is a spade in Italy.

Of course Italia had a *fidanzato*. It would have been out of the nature of things for so charming a daughter of Italy not to have one. He was a swarthy young man with fuzzy black moustache and pop-eyes, and wore trousers of the checked variety. He was employed in a government school in the south, and a visit to Italia meant a journey of twelve or fifteen hours. His name was Enrico.

When Enrico came, there was a slight flurry for a day or two, in anticipation of his arrival. Italia was very matter-of-fact about it, to say the least. Enrico sat beside her at dinner, between her and Mariannina, and was also allowed to converse with her in the *salotto*, or little parlor—but always in the presence of her mother, who sat by with her work and enjoyed her task as only a mother can who is thus engaged in working out her daughter's salvation. If they ever saw each other at any other time, it was during a short walk on the Pincio under the same beneficent tutelage.

After a day or two, Enrico would go away again to the practice of his profession, and Italia would continue her cloistered life with no very appreciable difference of mood. She gave as little evidence of regret at Enrico's departure as of joy at his coming.

Italia was not vivaciously happy; that

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was plain to see. There was a bright gas-light above the table, and on this often would she rest her gaze, blinking abstractedly, and showing a great deal of the lower eyeball. She ate her salad absent-mindedly, raising each mouthful to the level of her nose and contemplating it for some seconds, apparently lost in thought, before finally disposing of it—as if her eyesight were weak, or as if she were entertaining recollections of the *régime* of some former servant whose preparation of salads had been habitually deficient.

I cast about in my mind for the cause of Italia's listnessness. Perhaps the match with Enrico was merely one of convenience, and she did not love him. Their families had been allied in various ways for a score of years, and Italia's dowry was to have been not inconsiderable. Again, perhaps she did love him, and her father's reverse of fortune had produced a change of attitude in Enrico. Perhaps neither loved the other. At any rate, Enrico's visits were ncreasingly short and infrequent, and Italia's moodiness grew greater and greater.

Her great consolation was a beautiful cat, named by one of the guests Il Conte Nino del Greco. Italia often brought him in at the conclusion of dinner, when his large eyes and sleek coat made him the delight of the company. "*Bellissimo! Magnifico! Ma quant' è bello! Che bellez-z-za! Quant' è carino!*" rose in a chorus of delight as soon as the Conte Nino entered the room. Every delicacy was offered him; some of them, after due examination, were accepted; and his health was the subject of daily inquiry. What were the thoughts of the dove-eyed Venetian, or the young Florentine, as they saw Italia's rounded cheek stroke the Conte's silky sides? Or of the more fiery Neapolitan? None of them chose to say, more than they chose to say what they thought of a *fidanzato* with so lamentable a lack of appreciation as Enrico displayed.

III

On Sunday evenings Pipino usually came in to dinner, and was almost invariably accompanied by Alberto, his son. The Sunday evening dinner was distinguished by two features from the other dinners of the week: it was the occasion of a cake or a pudding by way of dessert, and it was frequently marked by the presence of relatives or friends of the family Bocconi. Letizia, a sister of Mariannina, was one of those who came in like this—an elderly lady who resembled her sister very much in appearance, but who would sit for an hour after dinner without saying a word, her hands placidly folded across her stomach, a picture of comatose contentment, and a source of unspeakable irritation to Mariannina, who never got through an evening without reproaching her for her slowness and lack of spirit, and often went to the extreme of calling her "*Piemontese davvero*,—a regular Piedmontese!"

Pipino was a brother-in-law of Ettore, having married his sister. He was a tall man, and had been a *corazziere*—one of the King's body-guard—immense men, physically the most magnificent to be seen in all Italy, towering head and shoulders above their countrymen and moving with the ponderous tread of elephants, their stature emphasized by high-crested brass helmets with long heavy plumes of horsehair hanging from them half-way to the ground.

Pipino at fifty was as tall and ponderous as ever. He was at least six feet six, and all his members were of an immensity which befitted his stature. His head was round and massive, and his hair, originally a light brown, was approaching a gray. His big, round, moon-like face was smooth-shaven, with the exception of the upper lip, and two big blue eyes shone good-naturedly from its red expanse. The arch of his eyebrows gave his face the open and ingenuous look of a child. He looked more like a monster Irishman than an Italian.

At table Pipino loomed up prodigiously, always sitting bolt upright and a little removed from it, with his left hand resting on his knee while he ponderously swung his right back and forth between the plate and his mouth—like a huge derrick. A knife was a mere toy in those giant fingers, and Pipino always seemed embarrassed at being expected to make use of so trivial an instrument.

Pipino's manner of speech was as ponderous as his other ways, and he was never rapid in anything. He was too big for that; and besides, he was a native of Piedmont. Mariannina could hardly restrain herself. "*Ah-h! Questi Piemontesi!*" she would exclaim, after Pipino had gone. "They

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are *so* slow, and *so* heavy! I can't endure them, *ecco!*" and she would wrinkle her brows dreadfully.

Pipino must have been of still more impressive appearance before he cut off his

Annunziata came forth bearing the lunch.—Page 21.

beard. It was a long, flowing beard, he said, in his thick, heavy utterance, and it used to blow up into his eyes when he rode. He had sacrificed it because of this inconvenience, and also on account of its uncertain color. "There were patches of red in it, and of gray, and black, and blue, and green—*e tutti i colori*—and all the colors," he gravely explained, his big blue eyes shining with mild humor at the image called up by his exaggeration.

Alberto, Pipino's son, was an amiable young man of twenty-five, with elongated face, full black beard, and a tendency to baldness. At the time he was anxiously awaiting the result of an application for a government clerkship. He wrote a marvellous hand, as clear cut and regular as type, and far more beautiful. Italia seemed to

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enjoy his coming. It was plain that he was *simpatico* in her eyes, as indeed a cousin should be. Her abstraction was much less noticeable on the evenings when he came in.

IV

THE winter came on—not a New England winter (though Rome is nearly as far north as Boston), with hail, sleet, snow, and ice, blazing fires and genial evenings, with its thousand pronounced comforts to compensate for its discomforts—but an alternation of days of driving cold rain, when the Campagna lay under the low, windy sky a picture of waste desolation, with days of brilliant skies and chill north winds, when the summits of the Alban Mount and the Sabines were white against the blue, and their sides streaked with white and black and gray. Not infrequently, too, came genial days, when the peace of God rested on the Campagna, and the spirit seemed under perpetual benediction.

Italia Liberata.

Once in a while, too, came the dreaded *scirocco*, sweeping across the Mediterranean from the Sahara, freighted with despair; often bringing clouds and deluges of warm rain, and always bringing lassitude, weariness, hopelessness, and vexation of spirit. It dulled the mind, and made heavy the feet—it was the *plumbeus auster*, the leaden South-wind, of Horace. The Roman pardoned anything his fellows did or said during its prevalence, and the courts looked upon it in all cases as a mitigating circumstance.

Sometimes it came unexpectedly in the night, like a wolf on the fold. The next morning the guests of Casa Bocconi awakened feeling heavy, stupid, weary, hopeless; their tongues were coated, their coffee tasteless; they looked down from their windows upon a street filled with a heavy-footed population half covered by umbrellas, moodily going their weary way under a dull sky, and up went their shoulders, back went their heads, and out went their clenched hands, and with an expression of mingled disgust and despair on their faces, they cried: "*Eh!. Ancora lo scirocco! Maledetto!*"

There were roses and rain all the winter; the daily open-air concerts continued without intermission; the coldest mornings drew only the merest film of ice over the pools in the lowest and most exposed places, and snow was never seen, except on the distant mountain-tops. But, mild and short as the winter was, it was not comfortable. When the mercury approached freezing-point, the inmates of Casa Bocconi had no refuge but in submissive wretchedness. Their rooms, with floors of bare tiling, without stove or fireplace, were so many cold and cheerless infernos, preferable to the open air only during the storm and the night.

Ettore scoffed and Mariannina sniffed disdainfully at mention of American homes warmed by stoves and furnaces. "*Ma che!* The idea of poisoning yourself in that absurd way! How do your people keep their health? *No, no!* Our way is much better"; and they gasped for air at the mere suggestions of imagination.

In the streets movement was brisker and more emphatic at the advent of frosty days, and there was a marked falling off in smiles and small talk. Happy the vendor whose work was peripatetic: with quicker step and more vigorous cry he made a virtue of necessity and enjoyed the day; but the

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Ettore Bocconi.

chestnut woman, the keeper of the newspaper booth, and all others whose work was stationary, sat in muffled-up misery, stolid and patient. The earthenware *scaldino*, full of coals, was some comfort for the fingers, but even that was a luxury afforded by the few.

On the marble floor of the Vatican gallery stood a huge brazier at which hands were repeatedly warmed, but which affected the atmosphere of those vast halls as little as if they were unroofed. With red nose and steaming breath the sight-seer fumbled his guide-book, his fingers benumbed and his feet as cold as those of the very statues before him.

In the Vatican library, fireless and even sunless, the scholar took his seat at nine, warm from the long walk to his work, grew comfortably cool by nine-thirty, cold by ten, very cold by eleven, extremely cold by twelve, insufferably cold by twelve-thirty, and at one o'clock, chilled, stiff, and trembling, ceased to bend over the ancient page and left the cheerless home of manuscripts for the streets and the sun, congratulating

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himself on the discovery that he did not take cold with so much facility as he had supposed.

As he traversed the long gallery of inscriptions on his way out, far to the north, through its great windows, he saw a hazy, irregular shape, perhaps with crest all snowy and gleaming under the bright sun of noon. *Vides ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte.*

You see how, deep with gleaming snow,
Soracte stands, while bending low
The branches droop beneath their burden,
And streams o'erfrozen have ceased their flow.

Away with cold! the hearth pile high
With blazing logs; the goblet ply
With cheering Sabine, Thaliarchus,
Drawn from the vintage of years gone by!

All else the gods entrust to keep,
Whose nod can lull the winds to sleep
That vex the ash and cypress aged,
Or battle over the boiling deep.

Seek not to pierce the morrow's haze,
But for the moment render praise;
Nor spurn the dance nor love's sweet passion
Ere age draws on with its joyless days.

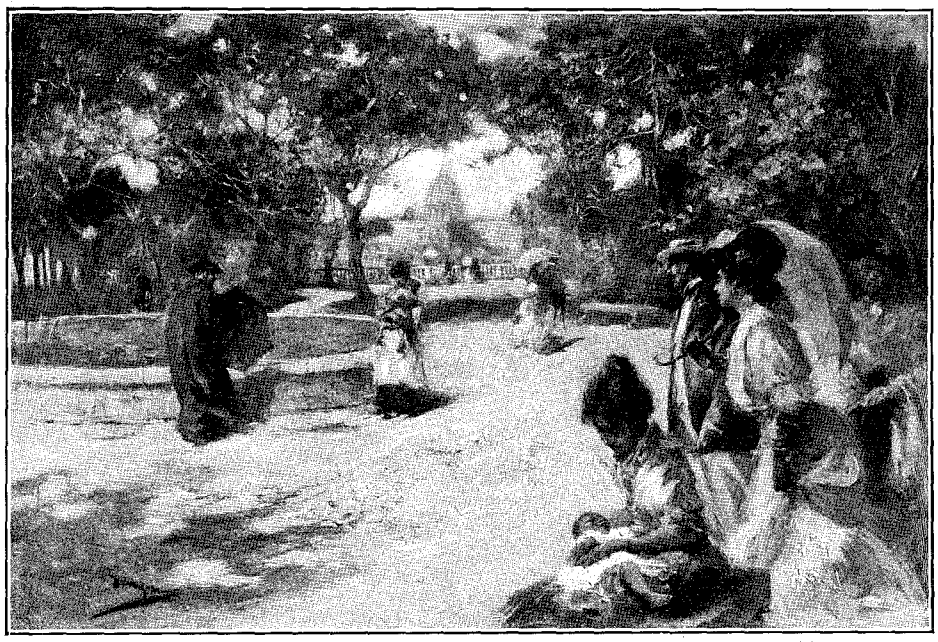
Now should the campus be your joy,
And whispered loves your lips employ,
What time the twilight shadows gather
And tryst is kept with the maiden coy;

From near-by nook her laugh makes plain
Where she had thought to hide, in vain;
How arch her struggles o'er the token
From yielding which she can scarce refrain!

V

THE winter went on the wings of the wind. Sunday evening succeeded Sunday evening, and Alberto was always present. Italia began to display something more of the vivacity which was hers by right of inheritance.

For the *fidanzato* came no more. He had not come even at Christmas, but had sent, in lieu of a visit, a huge candy heart, elaborately decorated in color with Cupids and roses, presumably in token of his sentiments. Such was its size that for all the week of the holidays it formed the central figure amid the embarrassment of sweets that loaded the table. Many were the complimentary remarks regarding its donor; but it was noticed that Italia did not share in their utterance, and ate but gingerly of the confection; and with its disappearance on New Year's Day there disappeared the last sign that the *fidanzato* had any part in the life of Casa Bocconi. His photograph



A short walk on the Pincio.—Page 23.

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had been removed from its accustomed place in the *salotto*, and his very name ceased to be spoken.

Those who had mysterious access to the sources of knowledge communicated the intelligence, with the usual air of importance, and the usual imposition of the oath of secrecy, that Enrico had finally requested to be relieved of his obligation, and that Italia had been overjoyed at regaining her freedom.

VI

THE bonds of winter were loosed by the grateful advent of spring and the west wind. Refreshing rains descended and warmed the earth. The snows left the Sabines once more, and again the violet girls appeared in the streets, leaving behind them long trains of invisible perfume to hit the sense. The days breathed joy and gladness, the nights balm and content. March was

The earthenware scaldino, full of coals.—Page 27.

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going out; and April, the month of sea-born Venus, was at hand.

Well named was April—*Aprilis*, *aperire*—the month of openings. It opens the sky, and the clearing west wind drives the clouds from its face; it sends the sailor to the sea; it opens the countless buds of the garden of Italy which have long lain swelling; it populates the pastures once more with flock and herd.

It opens the heart. Cytherea and the spring visited Casa Bocconi and consummated what had been in progress ever since the first hint of the disappearance of winter.

Alberto had come to be a frequent visitor. He had begun by coming in to dinner every second Sunday evening; then he had come every Sunday evening; and now he came on the evenings of holidays as well. He began to spend occasional Sunday afternoons with Italia in the *salotto;* then he began to spend every Sunday afternoon there; and then he began to spend every holiday afternoon in the same way.

Then, quite suddenly, one Sunday evening after a glorious day of sunshine, of springing grass and flowers and leaves, Alberto's seat at table was changed, and he appeared at the right of Italia, who seemed conscious of herself, and at the left of Mariannina, who beamed with satisfaction and pride. The word went round that Italia and Alberto were betrothed.

Il Conte Nino del Greco.

Thereafter, on the afternoons and evenings of Sundays and *festa* days, anyone who was obliged to pass through the *salotto* felt a certain regret; for Alberto and Italia were always there. Not that they were alone, for they were never left to themselves; they never dreamed of such a possibility, and would have been the first to deprecate it. Over in the corner by the window invariably sat Mariannina, a be-

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Not an afternoon that did not find him at the piano with Italia.—Page 31.

nign presence, unwearied, placid, and content, while Alberto and Italia passed the time with music and pictures, and their own thoughts.

All three were happy, and the whole house rejoiced. Alberto was happiest of all. Not an afternoon of freedom from his duties that did not find him at the piano with Italia, singing "*'O Sole Mio*," and "*Maria Mari*"—warm, sunny songs of the South, in dialect, exactly suited to the needs of his heart—and thus eloquently telling Italia and all the world who cared to listen the unspeakable depth of his joy.

And Italia was no longer moody and abstracted; she had found happiness at last. She used her piano more than ever now; and those whose rooms lay nearest were ravished as one of the most musical of the daughters of Italy swept the keys. She set no music before her; her memory was filled with the best compositions of the long line of Italian musicians. She had no need of musical annotation; her expression came from a soul perfectly attuned to the genius of the music of her nation, and her taste was unerring. She made every chord in the hearts of her auditors vibrate. She filled them with thoughts of rippling streams and sunny fields, of the exquisite cadences of

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swinging waves, of surging billows and sighing winds.

Italia's speech was as melodious as her music, and sprang from the same source. When she spoke or read, it was in rhythmic cadence, like the swinging of long waves on a calm sea, or like the career of a bird as it swings from crest to crest in the wave of its flight. Who that has been in Italy has not been filled with wonder and admiration at the musical utterance of the educated Italian, and his artistic pride in that most exquisite of all tongues?

One thing only marred the happiness of Casa Bocconi. Giannina, the sixth *donna di servizio* of the year, left in a burst of anger, and the day afterward the beautiful eyes of the Conte Nino del Greco were dimmed, and he lay critically ill—poisoned, vehemently declared Mariannina, by the wicked wretch who had just gone. Fervent were both the curses directed toward the alleged recreant and the prayers offered up for the recovery of the Conte; no pains were spared in the effort to save his life.

Ettore was in despair, his honest old heart heavy with sorrow. He came to his seat that evening with grief written on every feature, and could scarce restrain his tears as he made the announcement, in words which would have seemed ridiculous from the lips of anyone less genuine than himself: "*Povero gattino! Sta a rendere l'anima al suo Creatore!*"—Poor kitten! He is about to render up his spirit to his Creator!

But the Conte made glad the heart of good old Ettore and his other admirers by recovering, and joy returned to the household when finally he again appeared at table in the arms of Italia, greeted by an ovation of: "*Bellissimo! Magnifico! Ma quant' è bello! Quant' è carino!*"

VII

On San Giovanni Alberto came bursting into the dining-room with eyes alight, waving a letter in his hand. It was his appointment to a clerkship in the royal household, so long and eagerly expected. Everyone knew what that meant, and immediately there was a storm of congratulation, with clapping of hands and raising of glasses, and a pandemonium of ejaculations. Even Pipino made a clumsy attempt at levity, and Letizia unclasped her hands and laughed audibly.

The banns were duly published on the wall of the *Sala di Matrimoni* on the Capitoline. Being in Italy, of course it was to be a civil marriage; the legal representative of the city of Rome was to officiate. As to the religious ceremony, which, though without the slightest legal value, is still considered by the greater portion of Italia's countrymen as necessary to a really felicitous union, Ettore would not hear of it. "What! allow a daughter of his to be married in a church, and by a dog of a priest? He would rather see the whole family under the cypresses! *Ecco!*"

Thus it happened that, in a land whose whole population is counted as professing the faith, Alberto and Italia were united in marriage without the blessing of Mother Church. Three carriages, summoned from the nearest stand, and bargained for with a degree of astuteness in which Alberto justly took great pride, conveyed bride, groom, witnesses, and parents to the Campidoglio, and waited there, under the bluest of blue June skies, until the party reappeared in the doorway of the *Sala di Matrimoni* under the portico of the Conservatori, with the usual train of idlers who had been watching the ceremony with noses flattened against the windows of the antechamber.

Italia, beautiful in her bridal veil, and Alberto, his dignity much endangered by the exuberance of his joy, got into their carriage beside the statue of Marcus Aurelius and were whirled away at the head of the procession to the Stazione Termini, where they parted from the rest of the company amid salvos of "*Auguri!*" and "*Facciano bambini!*" which were every whit as genuine as they were vociferous.

And now the Conte Nino is no longer *facile princeps*. Less than a year after Alberto and Italia returned from their little wedding trip to Napoli la Bella and established themselves under the welcoming roof of Casa Bocconi, a second claimant to the supreme regard of the household appeared in the person of Ettore's little grandson. Ettore declares that his name shall be Vittorio Garibaldi, and will not listen to Italia, who would prefer to call him Ettorino.

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A RUN TO THE HORIZON

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON FISHER

THE driver of the only high-power automobile in the State in those days was feeling his importance. He had just brought the New York capitalist who owned the mine and his daughter over from the railroad head.

"Did you see her? Say, but she's pretty! And the desert's new, and it's all fun for her. She's never been West before," he was telling the storekeeper.

"Yep?" said that philosopher, who had never been East, between accounts. "It's not so much her fault as the stork's for dropping her in a palace instead of on a farm where they couldn't afford a hired girl."

"Well, she said she believed she could look over the edge of the roof of the world from the range yonder, and she'd like to keep right on going till she found out. But her dad——"

The driver continued his narrative about Miss Dorothy Cannon's advent until he had finished his pipe, when with a couple of cans of gasoline he started out to the car, which he had left in front of the mine manager's house. It was not there, but heading a streak of dust a thousand yards away.

The young man dropped his cans of gasoline without bending his knees. For an instant he stood transfixed. Then he ran a few steps forward, waved his cap and shouted hysterically to the flying machine, a proceeding as futile as trying to summon a cab on a London dock from a New York pier-head. Although his legs were limp as he sank to the ground, he told himself that he was a fool for entertaining the possibility which had flashed through his mind.

"Why, she's only taking a turn around," he thought, staring out across the treeless, waterless levels. "She—she'd know better than that, of course."

He was so sure of this that he took out his pipe and tobacco. But the fingers that held the match trembled and the light dodged about the bowl.

"Of course she knows," he kept repeating. "Anybody that's had anything to do with autos knows what it would mean to run out of gasoline—*out there!*"

The speck, diminished to a pin-point on the alkali-frosted sand gleaming under the sun, was heading as straight as if it followed a tape-line.

"The rear tank was full," he said, "and the front tank quarter full, and if she went on till—till—well, she'd do a hundred and fifty miles! A hundred and fifty miles—and no horses here!"

The speck became invisible. He started up to warn her father in the mine.

"What's the good?" whispered the desert. "You're not supposed to know. Wait and see if she doesn't come back."

He slouched toward the store, trying to smoke nonchalantly.

Meanwhile, Dorothy was tasting a new sensation, the sweeter because it was stolen. She was hearing a tale untold before. The told tale was of speed laws, of manners, of crowds, of civilization. This new tale spun by the cylinders in the harmony of mechanical action was of an empire of freedom and flight; of a paradise for rubber tires.

Infinite space had become a moving carpet under the whirling wheels, the sand solid as granite in the haze of speed. She passed through a valley into another basin, and still the mountain by which she guided her course was no nearer in that clear air. It was marching on with her flight. Hours were minutes. "Faster! Faster!" sang her desire.

The machine ran gallantly while it had the breath of life. When it slowed down, coasting gradually to a standstill, she examined one thing and another before she came to the vital thing which no tool kit can repair.

On other occasions when touring she had run out of gasoline and it had meant but a

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short delay. All her life she had been used to being served. As yet she was not frightened. As yet she was conscious only of a pleasure suspended, a journey interrupted.

"Anyway, I can walk back," she said. It seemed good to speak aloud, the silence was so intense; the sun had grown suddenly so hot.

As she spoke her sight lighted on the speedometer. It registered one hundred and thirty-seven miles, and with devilish exactness it added the fraction of one-eighth.

"Someone will come, of course. It—it will be easy for them to follow my—my ——" and the sentence was unfinished. She saw that the wheels had left no track in the sand. For the first time since the stop she looked around, north, east, south, west. The sky was fleckless blue. No breath of air, no living thing stirred. The machine, that thing which five minutes before had all the life that the ages of man's invention can incarnate in metal, lay as dead as the desert itself. She went back to it, as if it still had some power to protect her from the unknown terrors of these terrible distances.

Crouching in the seat her head fell into her hands and she gave way to tears. When she had sobbed out her passion she heard a dripping, which made her start with the feeling of a new horror whose name was thirst. Her fingers nimble with nervous dread, she repaired the leak which the radiator had sprung. How much of the brackish, metal-smelling water that meant life remained she could not tell. Nor did she endeavor to learn, for this might be putting aside hope.

"I'm not a cry baby, anyway," she said defiantly, with trembling lip. "Somebody will come!" This idea of one of the stork's favorites was inborn, and not easily yielded. "Yes, yes, somebody will! Why, I'll make a signal of distress!"

Something definite to do which would take her mind off the situation was so welcome that she became light-hearted as she crawled under the machine with a wrench.

While she was unfastening the brake-rod a man appeared around the bend of a gully. On seeing the automobile he stopped for an instant and then came forward with long, swinging strides, a burro trotting at his side. As she emerged and stood upright he stopped again, with his hand on the burro's head. He was near enough to distinguish her sex and the fact that she was alone. She looked around in the tonneau apparently without finding what she wanted, for she drew up her dress skirt and tearing out a breadth of white petticoat fastened this to the brake-rod, which, in turn, she fastened to the iron slot for holding the cover.

As the man took in the situation he smiled and rubbed the burro's ears. He had started forward once more before she, turning again to glance around the forbidding horizon, saw him. A joyous cry caught in her throat; then she was about to weep, but thinking better of it, waved her handkerchief and in a gust of enthusiasm threw half a dozen kisses, after which she collapsed on the seat.

The stranger was young and uncommonly tall, as she saw at a distance. He was uncommonly handsome, too, she saw when he was nearer. But, on his part, he did not seem to see her at all. She might have been looking out of a window and he a passerby in the street for any sign of recognition of her presence, as he came forward with long strides and a jaunty lilt of the shoulders that strained his blue shirt open at the neck. She was wondering if she had not better warn him that a few feet more and he would stumble over an automobile, when a pair of blue eyes looked into hers and a voice drawled:

"I seen ye put up yer signal, and I seen ye makin' gestures to me."

In his manner there was apparently no intention of rudeness and no enjoyment of her rosy confusion at having thrown kisses to an individual guilty of such grammatical errors. On the contrary, he was making a statement of fact as mildly as a navigator announces latitude and longitude after eight bells. Had he been the right kind of a rescuer she might have settled their plane of relationship at once by remarking that a girl was warranted in an impetuous demonstration to anyone who saved her from her plight. But what was she to say to this miner, this adventurer, prospector, lunatic, or what not?

"Oh—you see," she stammered in broken sentences, "father was down in the mine—I was dull—nothing to do—the machine was waiting——"

He said "Yessum" politely, without a

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flicker of expression, as if so far so good. What then? The matter was entirely in his hands; for she had neither words nor ideas at this juncture.

He took a package of flake tobacco of a famous brand out of his hip pocket and rolled a cigarette with the finished and nonchalant expertness which goes with puncher hats. While the burro blinked with his nose two or three inches in the tonneau door, which he had apparently mistaken for a manger, his master moved slowly around the car as if judging a horse's points; and she watched him, equally prepared for murder or for seeing him transported into the skies on a magic carpet. When he came to a standstill in front of the radiator the light of a slow understanding at last reaching a conclusion broke on his tanned features.

"So yer devil waggin," he drawled, "run out of hell fire, did it?"

She found her tongue in a burst of vexation.

"Yes, that's it, you stupid!" she said. "Gasoline! G-a-s-o-l——" She started to spell the word and recovered herself in time to save the last syllable.

Her anger had not disturbed him any more than it had the blue sky.

"Waal, waal," he drawled. Other remarks which he evidently had in mind had to wait on the rolling of another cigarette. She stuffed her glove in her mouth lest she should storm at him. "Waal, I guess," after he had struck the match on his jeans —"Jack ain't got enough hell fire to draw it an' I guess we'll have to hike."

"No, thank you," she said defiantly. "I'm just waiting here till father comes. He'll have out all the automobiles and all the horses. I'm not afraid."

"I guess he's got the only devil waggin in these parts. Nope, you'll have to hike, all right."

"I can, but I won't! You brute!" she cried.

"Which? Me or Jack?" he inquired softly.

"You!"

"Yessum," he said.

"Now all I ask is that you go away! Someone will come. I'm not afraid." But she shuddered as she spoke. When he asked her if she had any water his drawl had the suspicion of command. Without a word she alighted to assist him in emptying the radiator into his water-bags. There was scarcely a cupful left.

"Have we to walk back all those hundred and thirty-seven miles?" she asked. "Is there no nearer way?"

"Nomum," he said, as he began to unfasten the burro's pack in a business-like way.

"Then I'll have to drink your water?"

"Yessum."

"I'll stay behind!" she said, her pride flaming up.

"Nomum," he answered like an automaton, as he folded his overcoat and laid it in the rear of the tonneau and took out her fur coat without even asking her consent.

"Is there enough water for both?" she demanded.

"Yessum," he answered easily and somewhat untruthfully. "I guess, though, you won't be able to more'n wet yer finger and stick it on the end of yer nose in the mornin'. Then yer'll have a little white spot ther' an', gosh!"—he hesitated as he rolled another cigarette—"but that will be funny!"

If he were insane, she thought, he was not murderously so, and a laugh of relief was her answer to this conceit, which he uttered without the shadow of a smile.

"You're droll, Mr.——?" she said. "Mr——?" she repeated questioningly.

"Waal, Hezekiah, but ye can call me Hez for short. It's not so likely to bring on sand-storms."

This concession of his first name led her to inquire his last.

"That goes with Hezekiah, and it's wuss," he observed. "It's Pung. Yessum, Hezekiah Pung, at your service."

"And I am Dorothy Cannon."

He looked up from the task of cinching the burro's pack. His eyes, betraying no twinkle, suggested no impertinence in his answer.

"Miss Dorothy Cannon out in a devil waggin that's lost its hell fire," he said, "on the desert with Hezekiah Pung and his burro."

"Yessum!" she repeated irresistibly; and, after the impulse, she was glad to note that he seemed wholly unconscious of the fact that she had mimicked him.

"I guess we'll let Jack keep his orchistry. He's used to marchin' to music, like the

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sojer boys. We don't need no axe er spade er pick, an' we'll take yer fur coat 'long 'cause it gets nippy when the sun goes down."

He looked around to see if anything was left behind, and finding nothing, led the way, she following mechanically. But he soon fell back to her side, although he seemed all unconscious of her presence, either whistling or talking jauntily to his burro, as if they were doing an ordinary day's work—that was all. She thanked heaven for this whistle, and for the tinkle of Jack's string of bells, which sent their music across the levels and up the mountain-sides.

At dusk Hezekiah laid a blanket for her on the sand and brought her fur coat and put it across her feet. He made a fire with two sticks, both of which had been consumed the instant the bacon was done and the coffee boiled, so well had he timed his resources to his objective.

"Grub time," he remarked laconically. He took a few strips of bacon for himself in his fingers and spread them on some biscuits. Then he passed her the skillet and his sole knife and fork and filled his own cup for her.

"Soak the biscuits in yer coffee if they are hard for yer teeth, but eat afore ye drink," he observed. "That keeps the thirst down better."

The food was sweet. When she thanked him for it he said "Yessum" and that he guessed she had a desert appetite. He bade her good-night and turned to move away, when he happened to look back. She was taking off her shoes.

"I near forgot that! Stop!" he said sharply. "Ye must keep 'em on all night. I know yer feet hurts; but they'll be so swelled in the mornin' ye'd never get into no shoes at all. Ye couldn't go far on this hot sand barefoot."

She admitted that she could not, but she was rebellious.

"Ye don't want me to stay up all night watchin' to see ye don't?"

"You would dare!"

"Yes." He bent over her sternly. "Do ye promise?"

When she answered that she would, he walked some rods away and lay down with his back to her and with Jack's saddle for a pillow. From sheer weariness she slept. Toward morning, the silence of the desert, perhaps, shocking ears used to noise, awakened her. In the moonlight she could see that Hezekiah Pung was up, pacing back and forth and beating his arms for warmth. She recalled that he had lightened the burro's load of his own overcoat, and that his blanket was between her and the sand. Her sense of selfishness became a thing clear and startling and shameful next morning when he set his two sticks to blazing under the coffee-pot as soon as he saw that she was awake. She had in mind to free her conscience, when he began whistling "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry," and she recalled with a twinge of pain his cruelty about her shoes.

"How far did we go yesterday?" she ventured.

"Thirty miles, and we'll do forty today," he drawled, as if announcing a schedule of daily trains. It was his manner as much as the prospect which excited in her a fit of temper.

"If we had stayed," she said, "someone would have come. Now nobody will ever find us. Why did I let you bring me—you—you——"

"Brute," he put in, with a kindly nod. "'Cause it was the best thing, and we're all right. Sure we are."

One might as well be angry with the Sphinx as with this creature of the desert. The tempest passed. She was ashamed of it, and out of pride determined not to show the white feather again, although she felt that she would give up if she were alone. Jack's bells held her in a kind of spell; the man whistled cheerfully, automatically. Scarcely by her own will she kept step with him. When they halted for the night and she fell down in a heap, she asked gaspingly if they had done the forty miles.

"Yessum, a good forty; and ye'll have yer last drink in the morning and do sixty to-morrow and be in to-morrow night. And to-night ye can take off the shoes."

He bent over her and himself removed them. His voice sounded distant to her, and she was only half conscious of the relief to her swollen feet.

Sixty miles! She smiled at the mountain of impossibility. The red spots which had danced on the sand before her all the afternoon would gather into a sea of oblivion when she marched again, she knew. Something told her that this man would then take her in his arms and carry her until he,

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Drawn by Harrison Fisher.

She gave way to tears.—Page 62.

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too, sank down. If he were not afraid of death, should she be? The dreaminess and the weariness of fatality possessed her. In that mood the mind will dwell on little prejudices. As the light of the fire played on her companion's handsome countenance, she found herself regretting that his name was Hezekiah Pung. Someway it did not seem suitable to him.

"Please don't say 'Grub time,'" she asked him.

"Yessum," he answered, as he poured the coffee into her cup.

"And please don't say 'Yessum.' Please say 'Yes'—just this last time!"

He nodded amiably, and when he passed her the coffee and bacon and biscuits he announced:

"Yes, eating-time," which, after all, is only another way of saying that dinner is served.

She gave him an approving smile. The coffee and the food revived her so much that it seemed as if their common lot had broken the reserve between them.

"You know the desert, don't you; and so you're not afraid of it?" she said.

"Yessu—yes, indeed."

"Were you never in New York?"

He leaned on his elbow and looked up at her confidentially.

"It ain't a bit like the 'Three Musketeers,' is it?" he asked. "Or 'Don Quixote'? I used to think it was, till I went to Denver onct. Y' see, I learned to read out of them two books, and I heerd of stores full of books and I was plumb happy when I filled my trunk with what they called pop-u-lar novels, which the store fellers said was the same kind. Waal, I assayed 'em all. I guess that pay streak has run out, ain't it?"

"You glorious child!" she exclaimed.

"Child! Jack, d' ye hear that?" he called to the burro. "From a girl in a devil waggin, by George! Child! Waal, what does it matter? Jack, there, is my Dapple. I'm the knight errant and Sancho Panza in one. Ye oughter think perty well of Jack, 'cause he's goin' to carry ye in to-morrow. That's why I took off yer shoes. He'll sure know the way—it's the shortest to water."

"And you?" She put her hand on his arm softly. "You who have planned all this—you, what will you do?"

"Follow on. I can do it in a day, all right—sixty miles. Why, I'm trained to it. It's nothin' for me to be alone for weeks, with only the Lord Almighty for comp'ny and Him only peepin' through the curtain of the firmament."

"I'll not go a step faster than you—not a step!" she declared. "For I am not afraid of the desert now. You have taught me. It is a wonderful thing."

"A wonderful thing!" he repeated.

He turned his face away from hers to look out toward the horizon, where he stared for a moment steadily, reassuring himself that what he saw was not an illusion.

"Look!" he said. "There, where my finger points! Do ye see it?"

"Yes; a tiny point of light!"

"It must be the camp of a rescuin' party. We'll only have to signal 'em in the mornin'."

With the strain over, she began to realize that she owed her life to him. She saw that if she had waited in the automobile she would have died of thirst. The considerateness as well as the firmness of his action appealed to her. Safety, instead of bringing sleep, had brightened all her faculties.

"Yes; it is a wonderful thing!" she exclaimed. "Wonderful how insignificant it makes a human being feel, how significant because there are no others about, and how much one human being may mean to another."

"It's that there last part—what one human bein' means to another—I've been perty thoughtful on that to-day," he drawled. "Yistiddy when I fust seen you, why I had jest struck it rich, and I was chockful of joy. But this country that never gives ye one thing without makin' ye want another was ready with a surprise, as usual. I found somethin' better'n a mine. I thought I was what the doctors call immune, but it has come to me most onexpected and most onexpected hard. It seems as if the only pay streak I'm lookin' for now is to march on with you forever."

This was a proposal, no doubt. It did not seem ridiculous to her sitting on the desert beside him, although they were only a hundred miles from the Cannons' private car. It seemed ridiculous only when she pictured a certain name on a visiting card, and when she thought of his grammar. Mrs.

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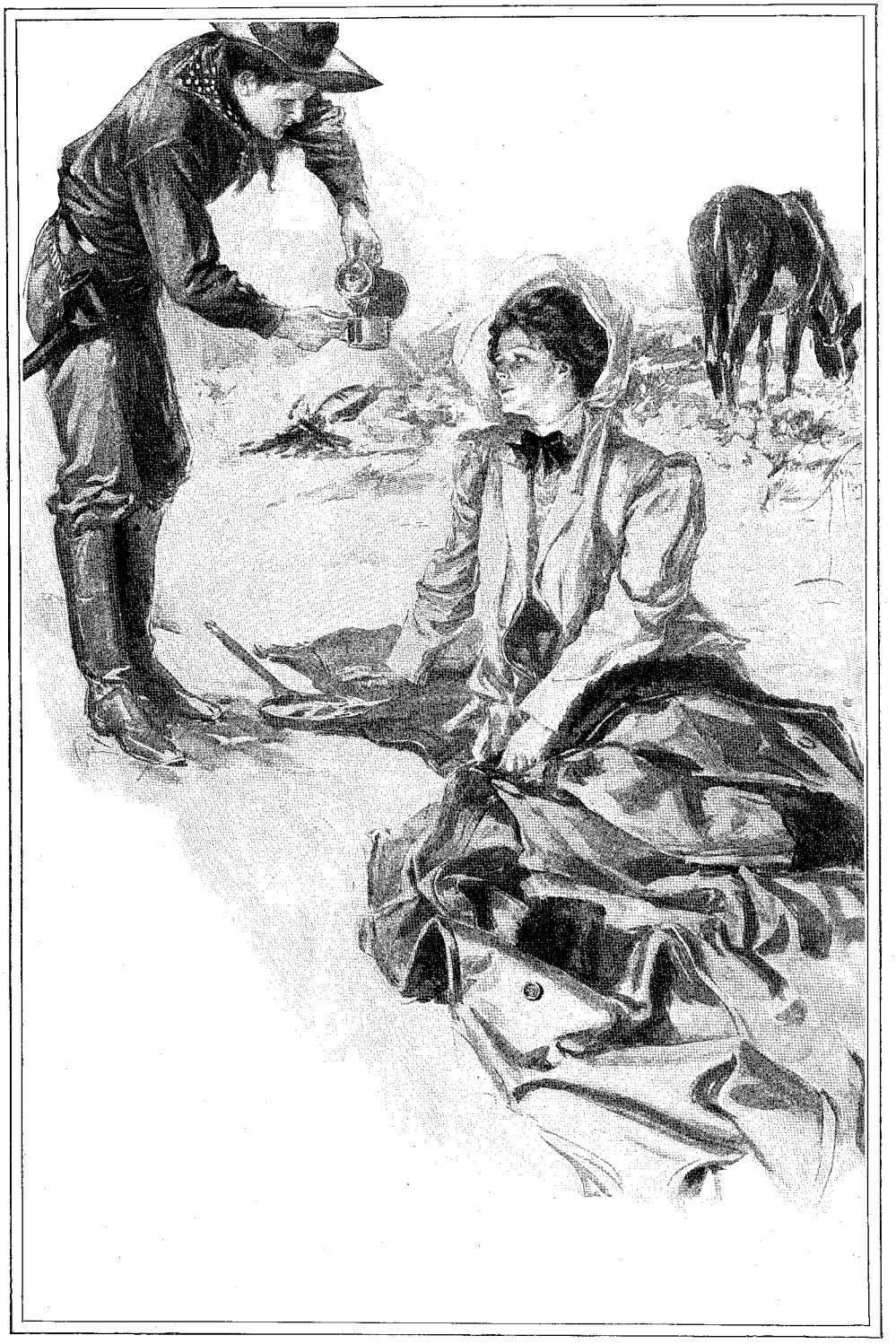

Drawn by Harrison Fisher.

"Yessum," he answered, as he poured the coffee into her cup.—Page 66.

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Hezekiah Pung! Why not—if it weren't for that twinkle of light which stood for civilization? In a whimsical impulse she held out her hand to him.

"Really, it's not Pung. Possibly you've heard of the Grahams of Taunton. One of them was something of an actor in the class of '01," he observed. "You see, when I took in the situation from the gully, being in a blue shirt and gloriously happy over a fortune found with the East ahead, I thought I ought to do the classical thing; and—well, much as I love the desert, little old New York is good enough for me, if—if——"

She did not withdraw her hand.

THE OLD POLE STAR

By Edith Wharton

BEFORE the clepsydra had bound the days
Man tethered Change to his fixed star, and said:
"The elder races, that long since are dead,
Marched by that light; it swerves not from its base
Though all the worlds about it wax and fade."

When Egypt saw it, fast in reeling spheres,
Her Pyramids shaft-centred on its ray
She reared and said: "Long as this star holds sway
In uninvaded ether, shall the years
Revere my monuments—" and went her way.

The Pyramids abide; but through the shaft
That held the polar pivot, eye to eye,
Look now—blank nothingness! As though Change laughed
At man's presumption and his puny craft,
The star has slipped its leash and roams the sky.

Yet could the immemorial piles be swung
A skyey hair's breadth from their rooted base,
Back to the central anchorage of space,
Ah, then again, as when the race was young,
Should they behold the beacon of the race!

Of old men said: "The Truth is there: we rear
Our faith full-centred on it. It was known
Thus of the elders who foreran us here,
Mapped out its circuit in the shifting sphere,
And found it, 'mid mutation, fixed alone."

Change laughs again, again the sky is cold,
And down that fissure now no star-beam glides.
Yet they whose sweep of vision grows not old
Still at the central point of space behold
Another pole-star: for the Truth abides.

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HAWTHORNE

By W. C. Brownell

I

HAWTHORNE was so exceptional a writer that he has very generally been esteemed a great one. In America such an estimate has been almost universal. He won his way slowly, but his first solid achievement met with ready appreciation and thenceforward fame awaited his subsequent, and retroactively rewarded his earlier, performances. We stood in much need of great writers at the time; and, though our literary pantheon is now more populous, it would occur to no one, probably, to displace his figure from the niche where it was speedily installed, and where even a lesser one would have been welcome. His works never having been supplanted among us, it is hardly surprising that with us they stand where they did. Comparisons are in their favor. And their style, clear, chaste and correct, is of the preservative order. They form a large constitutent portion of our classics—our somewhat slender sheaf of truly classic production. As such they are read—more precisely, have been read—by everybody. Up to the present time at least they have been universally part of the "required reading," so to speak, of youth and the recollection of eld—a recollection always roseate if afforded half a chance and in Hawthorne's case, one suspects, enjoying practical immunity from the readjustments and rectification of later re-reading.

On the whole, Hawthorne and his country are quits. If he enriched its literary treasure and contributed generously to its literary glory, as incontestably he did, it furnished him with both a comparatively clear field for the exercise, and a comparatively undistracting background for the exhibition, of his genius. In no literature would his works have been unobserved or even obscured by competition. But, as contributions to American literature they have abroad undoubtedly achieved success by an ampler margin, and at home have been awarded an importance commensurate with their originality. Hitherto, at all events, among ourselves their lack of substance has been deemed a quality instead of a defect and, indeed, their "airy and charming insubstantiality" their chief title to fame. We have had so few poets! The temptation has been great to eke out the roll with Hawthorne, and, sometimes, not to put too fine a point upon the matter, to call him the greatest of them all. "His beautiful, light imagination," says Mr. James in an exquisite sentence, "is the wing that on the autumn evening just brushes the dusky window." "The rarest creative imagination of the century, the rarest in some ideal respects since Shakespeare," says Lowell in his hearty wholesale way. We shall see. But one thing is certain. If Hawthorne's importance is to remain at its present evaluation it will not be because of his "insubstantiality." It will be, as it is in the case of every writer who makes no sensuous appeal, because of the amount and quality of significant truth effectively expressed in his writings.

II

THIS was not quite his own view, it may be said. And what his own view was he made perfectly plain. Though not an expansive, Hawthorne's was a perfectly candid nature. A recluse in life he overflows to the reader. The preface to the "Twice-Told Tales," in which and in the "Mosses from an Old Manse," he felt his way to his larger fiction is, in the main, an admirable piece of self-characterization, much of it as applicable to his entire work as to these unpretending stories. It contains three especially significant sentences. "The sketches are not," he says, "it is hardly necessary to say, profound, but it is rather more remarkable that they so seldom, if ever, show any design on the writer's part to make them so." Again they "are not the talk of a secluded man with his own mind and heart (had it been so they could hardly

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have failed to be more deeply and permanently valuable), but his attempts, and very imperfectly successful ones, to open an intercourse with the world." And, finally, in words that go to the root of the matter: "Whether from lack of power, or an unconquerable reserve, the author's touches have often an effect of tameness." Now it is evident that intercourse with the world is not opened on these terms. The world assumes that the recluse issuing from his seclusion should bring with him his warrant for dwelling in it, should communicate the result of communing with his own mind and heart. If this result is not profound or deeply and permanently valuable, it is asking too much of the heedless world to ask it to accept unconquerable reserve as the reason. The world is bound to esteem this the best you can do and refuses to ascribe its lack of profoundity merely to the —truly remarkable, as you say—absence of any design on your part to make it more worth while. It may, of course, be said that a recluse is as much entitled to claim attention for trifles as any one else. Only, in that case his status of recluse is immaterial. And, plainly, Hawthorne was not at all disposed to consider it immaterial. He thought it, as others have done, the most material fact about both him and his work, as is plain from his calling his reserve "unconquerable." So that it is impossible to share his uncertainty as to whether the tameness of his touches proceeds from this reserve or from lack of power. The answer clearly is: both. And to go a step further, and, as I say, to the root of the matter, his unconquerable reserve proceeds in all probability from his lack of power—at least of anything like sustained, unintermittent power which can be relied upon and evoked at will by its possessor.

Energy at all events is precisely the element most conspicuously lacking in the normal working of this imagination which to Lowell recalls Shakespeare's. Repeatedly he seems to be on the point of exhibiting it, of moving us, that is to say; but, except, I think, in "The Scarlet Letter," he never quite does so. His unconquerable reserve steps in and turns him aside. He never crosses the line, never makes the attempt. He is too fastidious to attempt vigor and fail. His intellectual sensitiveness, to which failure in such an endeavor would be acutely palpable, prevents the essay. In the instance of "The Scarlet Letter," where he does achieve it, he does so as it were in spite of himself, and it is curious that he instinctively reëstablishes his normal equilibrium by failing to appreciate his achievement. At least he prefers to it his "House of the Seven Gables." He is much more at home in amusing himself than in creating something. "I have sometimes," he says, "produced a singular and not unpleasing effect, so far as my own mind was concerned, by imagining a train of incidents in which the spirit and mechanism of the fairy legend should be combined with the characters and manners of familiar life." He was content if his effect was pleasing so far as his own mind was concerned. And his own mind was easily pleased with the kind of process he describes. That is, he follows his temperamental bent with tranquil docility instead of compelling it to serve him in the construction of some fabric of importance. The latter business demands energy and effort. And if he made so little effort it is undoubtedly because he had so little energy.

His genius was a reflective one. He loved to muse. Revery was a state of mind which he both indulged and applauded, and there can hardly be a more barren one for the production of anything more significant than conceits and fancies. Reality repelled him. What attracted him was mirage. Mirage is his specific aim, the explicit goal of his art—which thus becomes inevitably rather artistry than art. His practice is sustained by his theory. Speaking of a scene mirrored in a river he exclaims: "Which, after all, was the most real—the picture or the original?—the objects palpable to our grosser senses, or their apotheosis in the stream beneath? Surely the disembodied images stand in closer relation to the soul." If this were a figure expressive of the mirroring of nature by art it would be a happy one, though not convincing to those who believe that the artistic synthesis of nature should be more rather than less definite than its material. But it is not a figure. It is a statement of Hawthorne's preference for the vague and the undefined in nature itself as nearer to the soul. Nearer to the soul of the poet it may be, not to that of the artist. The most idealizing artist can count on enough vague-

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ness of his own—whether it handicap his effort or illumine his result in dealing with his material. And it is not near to the soul of the poet endowed with the architectonic faculty—the poet in the Greek sense, the maker. It is the congenial content of contemplation indeterminate and undirected.

The contemplative mind, the contemplative mood, are above all hospitable to fancy, and in fancy Hawthorne's mind and mood were wonderfully rich. He had but to follow its beckoning and entrust himself to its guidance to make a pretty satisfactory journey, at least so far as his own mind was concerned. The result was amazingly productive. How many "Mosses" and "Twice-Told Tales" are there? Certainly a prodigious number when one considers the narrowness of their range and their extraordinary variety within it. Their quality is singularly even, I think. Some of them—a few—are better than others, but mainly in more successfully illustrating their common quality. What this is Hawthorne himself sufficiently indicates in saying, "Instead of passion there is sentiment; and even in what purport to be pictures of actual life we have allegory." But his consciousness of his limitations does not exorcise them, though his candor, which is charming, wins our appreciation for their corresponding excellences.

Or, rather, no. It is so absolute as to make us feel a little ungracious at our inability to take quite his view after all. After all, it is plain that he has a paternal feeling for them that it is a little difficult to share. Sentiment replaces passion, it is true. But the sentiment is pale for sentiment. It is sentiment insufficiently *senti.* Allegory, it is true, replaces reality, but the allegory itself is insufficiently real. The tales are not merely in a less effective, less robust, less substantial category than that which includes passion and actual life, but within their own category they are—most of them—unaccented and inconclusive. They are too faint in color and too frail in construction quite to merit the inference of Hawthorne's pretty deprecation. They have not "the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade." They are hardly flowers at all, but grasses and ferns. And while he exaggerates in saying that "if opened in the sunshine" they are "apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages," he is distinctly optimistic in thinking that they would gain greatly by being read "in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere" in which they were written, and that they cannot always "be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver." They can—always. There is not a shiver in them. Their tone is lukewarm and their temper Laodicean. Witchery is precisely the quality they suggest but do not possess. Their atmosphere is not that of the clear brown twilight in which familiar objects are poetized, but that of the gray day in which they acquire monotone. The twilight and moonlight, so often figuratively ascribed to Hawthorne's genius, are in fact a superstition. There is nothing eerie or elfin about his genius. He is too much the master of it and directs it with a too voluntary control. Fertile as it is, its multifarious conceits and caprices are harnessed and handled with the light, firm hand of perfect precision and guided along a level course of extremely unbroken country. There is no greater sanity to be met with in literature than Hawthorne's. The wholesome constitution of his mind is inveterate and presides with unintermittent constancy in his prose. Now caprice, conducted by reason, infallibly incurs the peril of insipidity, and it is not to be denied that many of the tales settle comfortably into the category of the prosaic.

Why, then, have they their reputation, and why does one feel a little awkward and unsympathetic in confessing that he finds them dull? In the first place, the fondness of the public for them has been, in strict history, an acquired taste. They met with very little favor at first. The genial Longfellow praised them to deaf ears. After the appearance of "The Scarlet Letter" readers turned back to them in appreciative disposition and, as is usually the case under such circumstances, found or fancied in them what they looked for. But mainly they won and have kept their classic position, it is not to be doubted, because of their originality, their refinement, and their elevation. There is certainly nothing else like them; their taste is perfect; and, in general, they deal with some phase of the soul, some aspect or quality or transaction of the spiritual life. They are the echoes of no literary precedent, but as much Hawthorne's own as his physiognomy. They

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exhibit a literary fastidiousness not so much free from as absolutely dead to the manifold seductions of the meretricious, a literary breeding so admirable as to seem unconscious of the existence of vulgar expedients. And their informing purpose lies quite outside the material world and its sublunary phenomena. No small portion of their originality consists, indeed, in the association of their refinement and elevation with what we can now see is their mediocrity. Elsewhere in the world of fiction mediocrity is associated with anything but fineness of fibre and spirituality. The novelty of the combination in Hawthorne's case was disconcerting, and it is small wonder that for a time at least—for a generation, no doubt, so gradual is the readjustment of popular esteem of the unpopular—the importance of the "Twice-Told Tales" and the "Mosses" was argued from their distinction. Finally, some of them—too few, assuredly—are good stories.

III

The rest are sterilized by the evil eye of Allegory under whose baleful spell for some reason or other he early fell. Allegory justifies itself when the fiction is the fact and the moral the induction—"Gulliver" and "The Pilgrim's Progress," for example. Bunyan's imagination created a world of types so vividly presented as to have the force of individuals, provided them with adventures as animating as the incidents of romance, and enforced his moral by giving an independent and ideal verisimilitude to its innocent and unconscious exponents. "The Pilgrim's Progress" is undoubtedly a tract, but if it had been only a tract it would never have made its triumphal tour of the world. It is the splendid panoramic construction of a great imagination inspired by the experience of the soul in the struggle with sin. It is, in a word, a work of art in itself, leaning lightly—though, of course to all the more purpose—on its moral, as lightly as a dream on its interpretation or a vision on the conscious concentration of the seer. Most persons probably read "Gulliver" for the story and miss the satire. The "Divine Comedy" and "Don Quixote" and "Paradise Lost" are allegories; Æsop's "Fables," even Plutarch's "Lives" are allegories; history, conceived as philosophy teaching by example, is an allegory. So, in a sense, is all art. But allegory is art only when its representation is as imaginatively real as its meaning. The mass of allegory—allegory strictly devoted to exposition and dependent upon exegesis, allegory explicitly so-called—is only incidentally art at all.

Hawthorne's is of this order. His subject is always something other than its substance. Everything means something else. Dealing with the outer world solely for the sake of the inner, he is careless of its character and often loses its significance in mere suggestiveness. His meaning is the burden of his story, not the automatic moral complement of its vivid and actual reality. Hence the sense of reality is absent from it, and for this nothing will atone in any form of art where the sense of unreality is not sought instead. It is rather singular that this latter effect is one he never sought. He never entered fairy-land—except to retell its classic tales in his manuals, "The Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales."

His faculty of discovering morals on which tales could be framed is prodigious. It rises to the distinction of a special capacity of the mind, like the gift for languages or a genius for chess. It is, as one may say, a by-product of the Puritan preoccupation. He did not find sermons in stones. He had the sermons already; his task was to find the stones to fit them. And these his fancy furnished him with a fertility paralleling his use for them. But his interest in shaping these was concentrated on their illustrative and not on their real qualities. Instead of realizing vividly and presenting concretely the elements of his allegory, he contented himself with their plausibility as symbols. On this he always insisted and to compass it he expended much ingenuity. His fancy was of the kind that never completely looses its hold of the actual. His literary taste was too serious to content itself with pure mystification. The insubstantiality he sought was to consist in the envelope, not in the object. He desired to dissemble, not to abjure reality. But the sense of reality even as a substructure for fancifulness is not to be obtained merely by the ingenuity which finds a possible scientific basis for what performs its sole service as apparently imaginary.

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To take a crude instance of this oftenest subtle practice: "Egotism, or the Bosom Serpent," is not, artistically speaking, made more real by the foot-note that explains the actual occurrence of the physical fact in several cases. The story *as a story* stands or falls by the reality with which the man with the snake in his bosom is presented. In the course of this presentation the victim exclaims, "It gnaws me! It gnaws me." "And then," the narrator says, "there was an audible hiss, but whether it came from the apparent lunatic's own lips, or was the real hiss of a serpent, might admit of discussion." We are, of course, spared the discussion, which might easily fail to interest us, but the point is that the suggestion of it is precisely one of those touches which diminish the sense of reality in the presentation, and of which Hawthorne is so inordinately fond. Here it is of small comparative importance. The same thing is even charming, I think, in the author's speculation about Donatello's possibly pointed ears in "The Marble Faun," though I think also that he greatly overworks his faun-like resemblance, which apparently he cannot convince himself he has made sufficiently clear, and follows to ridiculous lengths in Donatello's skippings and capriolings, as well as in his conformation and character. But oftenest his intrusion of symbolism, that parasite on allegory itself, is a crying abuse of a perfectly superficial and trivial expedient. He was, in fact, allegory-mad. Allegory was his obsession. Consequently, he not only fails to handle the form in the minimizing manner of the masters, but often fails in effectiveness on the lower plane where the moral occupies the foreground. "The Birthmark" is an instance. Nothing could be finer than the moral of this tale, which inculcates the fatal error of insisting on absolute perfection in what one loves most absolutely. But it is a moral even more obscurely brought out than it is fantastically symbolized. On the other hand, the moral of "Rappacini's Daughter," distinctly the richest and warmest of Hawthorne's productions, is still less effectively enforced. It is quite lost sight of in the development of the narrative, which is given an importance altogether disproportionate to the moral, and which yet is altogether dependent upon the moral for significance—sustained as it is and attractive as it might have been had it been taken as a fairy tale frankly from the first.

In consequence, too, of this obsession by allegory, the tales in which he leaves it alone altogether, or at all events does not lean upon it, are the best, I think. His excellent faculty is released for freer play in such tales as "The Gentle Boy," in which, if he is less original, he is more human, and takes his place and holds his own in the lists of literature—instead of standing apart in the brown twilight and indulging his fancy in framing insubstantial fictions for the illustration of moral truths, not always of much moment. But the tendency grew upon him and developed into a fondness for almost pure symbolism, symbolism in which paradoxically the allegorizing element itself becomes attenuated and no truths at all are illustrated—the result being simply one thing told in terms of another. A great deal of his writing would be the better for the extraction of the allegorical and symbolic elements combined with it and constituting in its author's view its *raison d'être*. Very certainly it would be if upon the rest he had seriously exercised his imagination, instead of so completely surrendering to his fancy, content to deprecate complete irresponsibility by the counterpoise of his disillusioning good sense—which was remarkable, but the intrusion of which leaves his story often still more in the air.

IV

For the real misfortune of Hawthorne—and ours—was the misconception of his talent, resulting in this cultivation of his fancy to the neglect of his imagination. Issuing from the curious by-paths of literature into which this led him—a seclusion that quite matched the seclusion of his life—and engaging in the general literary competition on the immemorial terms for the exercise of the imagination, it is not to be doubted that he would have produced works far otherwise important than those which in the main he wrote. "The Scarlet Letter" is there to prove it. In the main he produced his effects by following the line of least resistance, not by effort and concentration. Instead of giving a tale more substance he wrote another equally slight. And he neglected his imagination because

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he shrank from reality. Now, reality is precisely the province, the only province, the only concern, the only material of this noblest of faculties. It is, of course, as varied as the universe of which it is composed. There is the reality of "Tom Jones" and the reality of "Lear," for example; the reality of the ideal, indeed, as well as that of the phenomenal—its opposite being not the ideal but the fanciful. And Hawthorne coquetted and sported with it and made mirage of it. Instead of accepting it as the field of his imagination he made it the playground of his fancy.

Imagination and fancy differ, according to the old metaphysic, in that, both transcending experience, one observes and the other transgresses law. Everyone thus discriminates, at all events, between the imaginative and the fanciful. No writer ever had a deeper sense, or at least a firmer conviction, of the august immutability of law—those ordaining principles of the universe unbegotten by the race of mortal men and forever immune from the sleep of oblivion itself—to paraphrase the classic panegyric. His frequent theme—the soul and the conscience—absolutely implies the recognition of law and involves its acceptance. And philosophically his conception of his theme fundamentally, even fatalistically, insists on it. Three of the four novels embody its predetermination. But too often in his treatment of his theme its basis crumbles. The centre of gravity too often falls outside of it—falls outside of law as well as of experience—because reality impresses and appeals to him so little, because his necessity for dissolving it into the insubstantial is so imperative, that the theme itself is frittered away in the course of its exposition. The law, the moral truth, which is the point of departure, or, as I say, the foundation of his more serious work, is not only not enforced but positively enervated. At every turn the characters and events might, one feels, evade its constraint, so wholly do the unreal and the fantastic predominate in both their constitution and their evolution. Beings so insubstantial and transactions so fantastic (one or both elements are generally present), can but fitfully or feebly illustrate anything so solid and stable as the moral principles upon which the real universe is conducted.

I do not suppose anything could have been made of "Septimius Felton, or The Elixir of Life" in any case, except under the happiest circumstances and with the nicest art. But it is a capital instance of what Hawthorne's fancy can do with a theme of some suggestiveness in the way of emptying it of all significance. Contrast his performance for a moment with the treatment of the same theme by unmixed imaginative genius—Swift's account of his Struldbrugs. The mere material of this vision of earthly immortality, without the addition of any further detail, felicitously moulded into the form of a romance, would make one of the masterpieces of literature. For its profound and sombre power resides in its appalling reality. *This* is what a draught of the Elixir of Life would produce if the puerile decoction over which Septimius Felton labors through so many wearisome pages had crowned his hopes—this, and not the insipid experiences foreshadowed in the vaporings of his infatuated fancy. But "Septimius Felton" is a posthumous production and one of Hawthorne's failures. Consider a work of far more serious ambition if not in all respects of more representative character—"The Marble Faun." There is the same *kind* of ineffectiveness and for the same reason, the frivolity of fancy. The theme of "The Marble Faun," the irretrievableness of evil conjoined with its curious transforming power—the theme in short of that profoundly imaginative masterpiece, the myth of the Fall of Man—is rather stated than exemplified in the story, overlaid as this is with its reticulation of fantastic unreality. Its elaboration, its art, tends to enfeeble its conception; its substance extenuates its subject. It has had an extraordinary vogue. In Rome for thousands of Americans "Hilda's tower" probably still divides interest with the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican Stanze. Dean Stanley said he had read it seven times and meant to continue. But though its central conception is one of the noblest in literature, and though there are charming and truly characteristic touches in it—for instance, the effect on innocence of the mere consciousness of evil as shown in Hilda, the admirable little icicle existing for this express purpose—its significance is entombed rather than exhibited in its treatment. Probably its admirers considered that the treatment poetized the moral.

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That is clearly the author's intention. But a truth is not poetized by being devitalized, and certainly the consequences of sin and the inexorableness of expiation are inadequately presented in a tale padded out of all proportion by material alien in its nature however "artistic" in its atmosphere and constituting half its volume, and obliged to make its moral plain in a formal statement, and to rectify its inconclusiveness in a postscript. The lack of construction, of orderly evolution, in the book is an obvious misfortune and shows very clearly Hawthorne's artistic weakness, whatever his poetic force. But its essential defect is its lack of the sense of reality, to secure which is the function of the imagination, and through which alone the truth of the fundamental conception can flower into effective exposition.

Though what I have called its alien constituent is real enough—ruins, studios, the campagna, the carnival, etc.—the material of "The Marble Faun" is perhaps too miscellaneous and unrelated for Hawthorne's imagination to unify into a solid support of his moral theme, even if it had not, after its habitual fashion, relaxed into the fantasticality of fancy in the detail. But certainly his imaginative success varies directly as the density of his material. This is greatest in "The Scarlet Letter," for instance; least in "Septimius Felton," among the longer productions. In "The House of the Seven Gables" there is detail enough but of singular thinness and an almost gaseous expansion. The interest of "The Blithedale Romance," the most artistically articulated as well as the most naturalistic of his novels, resides almost altogether in the part suggested directly by Hawthorne's Brook Farm experience. "Everything, you know," he says or makes Sybil Darcy say, "has its spiritual meaning, which is to the literal meaning what the soul is to the body." This unfortunate doctrine is the only thing that Hawthorne ever appears to have taken literally. But even this doctrine, taken literally, recognizes the literal meaning and the body as media for the manifestation of the spiritual meaning and the soul. Hawthorne's distinction assuredly lay in his treatment of the soul, yet since he was in no danger at all from materialistic excess or emphasis but quite the contrary, his treatment of the soul is most successful when he is least neglectful of the body. It is indeed generally true that even the magical and the miraculous gain rather than lose from the emphasized reality of their setting; it is even true that some of the most noteworthy works of the imagination containing this element have depended for their abiding interest on this setting even more than on their miracles and magic.

And however his divorce from reality and consecration to the fanciful may have succeeded in giving Hawthorne a unique position and demonstrating his originality—however successful he may have been, that is to say, from his own point of view—there is one vital respect, at all events, in which he almost drops out of the novelist's category. There is no element in fiction at all comparable in importance with its protrayal of human character and its picture of human life. Fiction is the genre-painting of literature as its decorative painting is poetry. But Hawthorne cared nothing for people in life and made extraordinarily little of them in his books. In no other fiction are the characters so little characterized as in his, where in general their *raison d'être* is what they illustrate not what they are. In none other are they so airily conceived, so slightly sketched, so imperfectly defined. Mr. James points out, I think justly, that with the partial exception of Donatello in "The Marble Faun" there are no types among them. Elsewhere, to be sure, he complains that "Holgrave is not sharply enough characterized" and "is not an individual but a type." The inconsistency is natural, because it is natural to think of a character in fiction as either a type or an individual, and when you are considering one of Hawthorne's as either, you think he must be the other, the truth being that he is neither. He has not enough features for an individual and he has not enough representative traits for a type. His creator evokes him in pseudo-Frankenstein fashion for some purpose, symbolical, allegorical, or otherwise illustrative, and has no concern for his character, apart from this function of it, either for its typical value or its individual interest. He cares nothing for his personality; the more real he made it the more superfluous it would seem to him, since, though it is a prime necessity to establish it first of all if his actions are to have the

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effect of reality, the effect of reality is precisely what he does not desire to secure. Consequently his dramas have the air of being conducted by marionettes.

This is less important in the short stories, of course. It may be said that of such a character as the minister in "The Black Veil" the reader needs to be told nothing, that his character is easily inferred and, anyhow, is not the point, that the point is his wearing the veil and thereby presenting a rueful picture illustrative of our uncleansed condition from secret faults. In that case the idea is enough, and a hortatory paragraph would have sufficed for it. And in any case it is easy to see how immensely the idea would have gained in effectiveness, in cogency, if the minister had been characterized into reality—if he had been characterized, say, by the author of the "Vénus d'Ille," a story, for example, which makes an abiding impression on readers whom its significance, if it have any, wholly escapes. But in sustained fiction, in novels, to neglect the personality of the personages is to invite failure. Few novelists probably realize their characters sufficiently to be able to say, with Thackeray, that they "know the sound of their voices." But most of them doubtless would like to. The origin of most characters, indeed, in fiction of any moment is well known to be such as Thackeray himself has described in speaking of "a certain Costigan whom I had invented (as I suppose authors invent their personages) out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of character." Hawthorne's, it is needless to say, were not thus conceived. When he needed a character to illustrate one of his deeply meditated truths or one of his fanciful conceits, he invented it *ad hoc*. His characters, indeed, are not creations, but expedients. Roger Chillingworth is an expedient—and as such the only flaw in "The Scarlet Letter," whose impressive theme absorbed its author out of abstractions, as I have heretofore intimated, and compelled him, except in the case of Chillingworth, to create the only real people of his imaginary world. In creating Dimmesdale and Hester—and I am quite sure Pearl, also—Nature herself, as Arnold says of Wordsworth, "seems to take the pen out of his hand and write for him." Even here, one is bound to add, the portraits lack the loving touch. Hawthorne seems himself to care quite as much for Feathertop as for Hester Prynne. In fact he is rather partial to Feathertop—a circumstance which a reader similarly disposed to the symbolical might feel justified in considering significant. He has perhaps a weakness for such characters as Phoebe in "The House of the Seven Gables" and Hilda in "The Marble Faun." But no one would pretend to say they were realized with any definition. They are such generalized portraits as the fancy might paint of youth and innocence in a sunbonnet or a Leghorn hat passing its window in a quiet street of Concord or Salem. Kenyon is certainly *sculpté en bois;* considering the state of the art among his compatriots then in Rome it was perhaps a happy stroke to give him his particular profession. Hollingsworth is a caricature—etched with unaccountable acidity for philanthropism, than which, at least in its less odious forms, one would say there were worse things. Zenobia, Miriam, linger in one's memory rather as brunettes than as women. Coverdale is quite as anemic a character as Priscilla is in the physique given her largely for mesmeric reasons, and the concluding announcement that he is in love with her is probably an idle boast. Hawthorne particularly enjoyed Trollope, and he had a shrewd observation for casual types in actual life. One would hardly infer it from his own personages and is inclined to find in the inconsistency, not, or not only, the frequent contrast between actual taste and artistic practice, but additional evidence of his curious conception of and respect for his peculiar and original "genius."

The result was that his genius took him out of the novelist's field altogether. His novels are not novels. They have not the reality of novels. And they elude it not only in their personages but in their picture of life in general. "The Scarlet Letter" itself is the postlude of a passion. Just so much of the general Salem scene as is necessary for the setting of the extremely concentrated drama is presented and no more. Nowhere else is the scene treated otherwise than atmospherically, so to speak. It does not constitute a medium or even background but penumbra. The social picture does not exist. The quiet Salem streets of the "House of the Seven Gables," the community life of Blithedale, the village houses and hillocks and gossip and

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happenings of "Septimius Felton," though the War of Independence is in progress and Concord fight is actually an incident, contribute color, not substance, to the story. The Roman ruins and churches, and studios and museums, the campagna landscape and the Italian towns and country contribute even less to the drama of "The Marble Faun," being distractions and digressions in large part, and so not only not an integral part of it but even applied rather than integumental embroidery of it. The action is always a skeleton. Its direct illustrative function is exclusively considered. It receives no aid from anything incidental or indirect, anything superfluous or subsidiary, which in a certain degree is absolutely necessary if the theme is to be presented with the fulness and concreteness of a picture. It is presented on the contrary with the lean explicitness of the diagram. One "gets the idea"—a *sine quâ non*, to be sure, of a serious fiction that is designed like Hawthorne's to enforce some particular truth—but the sensuously (and logically) inclined must ruefully reflect that if this is all that is to be had, it could be had at even less expense; a statement would serve as well as a story. It is like a building in which the supports and buttresses should exactly, instead of superabundantly, counterbalance the weights and thrusts. The insubstantial effect so much admired in Hawthorne would be secured, but it would hardly be satisfactory to the eye or the mind which are adjusted to the sense of substance in the embodiment of even the ethereal.

Not that the novels have any effect of succinctness corresponding to their slenderness, or of pith matching their lack of luxuriance. On the contrary at least three of them are distinctly too long. But this is simply, not to put too fine a point upon it, because they are spun out. "The Scarlet Letter" he, perhaps unfortunately, conceived as a short story and, beyond doubt unfortunately, pieced out with an incongruous portal. The episodical form of "The Blithedale Romance" injures its evolution, which, however, its interest would hardly have justified prolonging. But, if in these two works he did not very well know how to continue, in "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun," and "Septimius Felton" he did not at all know how to stop. The first is swamped in detail over which the author lingers as if mesmerized by his own daguerrotypist and unable to awake from his dream of rendering it intangible by endless retouching. In "The Marble Faun" not only is the action retarded by frequent breaks, but the narrative is greatly expanded by what, as I have said, is not *remplissage* but incrustation. In "Septimius Felton" bulk is achieved by the primitive expedient of pure redundancy. Its redundancy passes the prolixity of Cooper in his most complacent moods, and is the plain witness, the unmistakable symptom, of a sterility in the subject that illusion itself could only hope to fertilize by indefatigable persistence.

The incompleteness of Hawthorne's characters, the inadequacy of his social picture, the lack of romantic richness in his work have, to be sure, been attributed largely to the romantic poverty of his material—his environment. But to this it may be replied, in general, that so far as regards his material the true artist's concern is not with his star but with himself; and, in particular, that Hawthorne's environment furnished him material exactly, exquisitely, suited to his genius. His subject was the soul, and for the enactment of the dramas of the soul Salem was as apt a stage as Thebes. The New England of Hawthorne's time certainly cannot be considered as a possible theatre for the *Comédie Humaine*, but Hawthorne has himself demonstrated that the New England of an even blanker and bleaker period was a fit theatre for the human tragedy. "The Scarlet Letter" is so exclusively a drama of the soul as to be measurably independent of an elaborate setting in a social picture. But if Hawthorne's other works were as well-placed, as firmly anchored, as deeply rooted in their environment they would be works of very different value. That they are not is not the fault of their *milieu*, but of their author.

V

SOMETHING seems distinctly left out of his organization—that particular faculty whose function it is to make the most of its fellows. In default of it he took apparently the same serenely fatalistic view of himself, of his own genius, that he did of life in his books.

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We are all acquainted with the morally fatalistic character, with its acceptance of its own constitution as unalterable, experiencing satisfaction without elation and accepting discouragement without thought of amendment, self-centred and independent, without alien support or altruistic endeavor, never dreaming of regeneration or submissive to discipline, attempting to mould its environment only where it is irksome and never subdued to what it works in, above all sceptical of climbing on stepping-stones of its dead self to higher things. And this morally fatalistic temperament Hawthorne undoubtedly possessed. But what is more remarkable is that he possessed the mental organization to match it. Back of both lay the feeling of reasonable self-satisfaction—the self-satisfaction which the instinct of self-preservation makes an indispensable postulate of fatalism. Though they have depressed moods, as Hawthorne certainly did, few Calvinists, probably, doubt their own election. It is almost amusing to note the old Pagan pride, having in due course of evolution passed through the phase of the Christian *humilitas*—the great mediæval virtue—reverting to type in the self-satisfaction of the Puritans, of whom Hawthorne was a very geninue son.

Hence, no doubt, in considerable measure, his bland acceptance of his genius as something fixed rather than potential, and his diversion into its particular channels of the material he might otherwise, by energy and effort, by study and application, have dealt with on a larger scale, to profounder purpose and with more substantial results. "The Scarlet Letter" is an eloquent and convincing witness against his comfortable and unfortunate illusion. Yet he seems to see only its leaden casket, and calls its negligible successor "more characteristic of my mind and more proper and natural for me to write." "In the name of the Muses, then," one feels like exclaiming, "bring some pressure to bear on this sacrosanct mind and, with less regard for what is proper and natural to its preferences, demonstrate by another masterpiece, and still another, that its constitution is not so immutable as you conceive it."

Descend into the arena, however, and contend for the world's prizes in the recognized lists of literature, Hawthorne could not. Of the mental constitution and capacities which heredity disposed him to look upon as final, environment, too, restricted the development. He was, to be sure, quite out of sympathy with his time and its tendencies. But New England transcendentalism was too universal a movement for anyone wholly to escape its influences. Hawthorne's aloofness did not secure his immunity. It was indeed a gospel expressly designed for the isolated. Thoreau at Walden was its archetype. And, though Hawthorne's solitude was less express and voluntary and certainly not of an explicit transcendental sanction, but rather due to temperament and mood, it nevertheless fostered his preoccupation with the soul rather than with the mind or the senses. He could think out his allegories and polish up their articulation with the actual more unremittingly by himself than by talking them over with Alcott. But transcendentalism was in the very air he breathed, and though he had little joy in the company of its votaries he hardly changed his moral atmosphere in sequestrating himself from their society.

Transcendentalism was the sublimation of the gospel of individuality and may be summed up in Carlyle's pronouncement that the light of one's own mind is "the direct inspiration of the Almighty." Hawthorne could not only perceive but satirize the eccentricities derived from a literal subscription to this doctrine. But the contemplation of these increased his self-concentration, and the doctrine itself was as much his own as it was that of the most fantastic speculators around him. And as a corollary of this universal belief in individual inspiration the belief in the prevalence of genius was general. There has never, probably, before or since, been so much "genius" abroad. The word talent does not exist in the transcendental vocabulary. The profession of literature presupposed genius. Everyone who wrote had it. Channing, Everett, even Alcott had it. Hawthorne was singularly modest. His belief in his genius, its peculiar character and the propriety of considering this in his writing was not in the least vainglorious. His serene satisfaction with what he conceived to be its limitations, as inevitable, as immitigable, led him in fact to exaggerate them. Thus both his ancestral fatalism and his transcendental environment obscured for him the fact that he had an extraordinary

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amount of talent which it behooved him to cultivate, and magnified his consciousness of having a particular kind of talent which it amused him to exercise. And thus he made what I have noted as the cardinal error of his career—an error of tragic import to American literature—by indulging his fancy in lieu of developing his imagination.

For the development of his imagination, too, his own temperament was too little enthusiastic. He was eminently a man of sound sense—distinctly the most hard-headed of our men of genius. Beyond thinking the vague and the mysterious nearer the soul and real truth than the definite and the explicit, and consequently the proper content of literature, he did not go. He never systematized in the least nor even speculated. There is no mysticism in his philosophy. He had not in fact any particular spiritual adventurousness. His entire body of doctrine is traditional. What interested him in the speculative sphere is to be found in the theology in which he had been brought up—the irreparableness of sin, the necessity of expiation, the allegory of the Fall and its fast anchorage in human nature, the suffering of the innocent through the guilty. The emancipation of transcendentalism was as much moonshine to him as was the materialization of dogma and doctrine. But his clear-seeing mind robbed revelation of its sanctions without in the least reconstructing its fundamental data. He was not only hard-headed, he was distinctly unsentimental, if the epithet may be applied to a nature just, kind, and devoted in the family relations and domestic life. He was particularly insensitive to exterior personal influences. All the enthusiasm for reform with which the middle decades of his century echoed left him cold. He was unmoved by their numerous agitations, from questions of diet to problems of philosophy, from reform of attire to negro emancipation. Philanthropy in general he thoroughly disbelieved in. He ridicules it throughout the whole course of one of his few novels and tries hard to prove there is something sinister in it, his imagination having discovered a veritable mare's nest, apparently, in pondering in his seclusion the adage that "Charity begins at home." He says expressly, and to considerably more purpose, in a letter to his sister-in-law, "The good of others, like our own happiness, is not to be attained by direct effort, but incidentally"; which statement is nevertheless singularly free from the ardor of illusion. But the ardor of illusion is exactly what he never had. This is why a discerning French critic, Émile Montégut, describes him as a "romancier pessimiste"—a pessimist being precisely a nature without illusions. And he had even less ardor than illusion.

His nature clearly was self-sustaining. He never felt the need of the support that in the realm of the affections is the reward of self-surrender. He had no doubt an ideal family life—that is to say, ideal in a particular way, for he had it on rather particular terms, one suspects. These were, in brief, his own terms. He was worshipped, idolized, canonized, and, on his side, it probably required small effort worthily to fill the rôle a more ardent nature would have either merited less or found more irksome. He responded at any rate with absolute devotion. His domestic periphery bounded his vital interests. He had a few early friends, such as youth that is not abnormal or eccentric, and Hawthorne certainly was neither, cannot fail to make, and these he kept throughout life with admirable loyalty, but without adding to their number. Loyalty itself is of a quite different fibre from warm-heartedness. It has often less than nothing to do with susceptibility to the attractiveness of others. Hawthorne's loyalty to Pierce was more than honorable to him, it was in every way admirable, the trait of a man instinctively convinced that there is nothing in the changes of circumstance, or even of character this side of grave deterioration, to make a change of real feeling in a friendship more important than its conservation. With Hawthorne opinion had certainly no more than its just weight, and differences in it were of small account compared with fundamental agreement of feeling. Of course, too, he never differed greatly with Pierce in opinion. He was, after all, a Democrat, though he was for his day extraordinarily non-partisan. Non-partisanship, however, *inter arma*, is itself a proof of a cool temperament when it is not itself of an ardent nature, as Hawthorne's was not. He was thoroughly patriotic in his sympathies, rejoiced at Northern victory

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and despaired at Northern defeat, but he stood rather aloof from the struggle, not so much because he saw both sides so sympathetically as because *Schwärmerei* in any degree was foreign to him.

He met and conversed with Lincoln, but quite missed his personality, which was curious considering his eye for character. For character he had the observer's not the divining eye. He was eminently an observer—lynx-like on occasion. He made little or no use of his faculty of observation in his novels. But his note-books testify to an almost microscopic exercise of it. He notes everything; far beyond the confines of the significant he is still scrutinizing. And the "Tales" and "Mosses" here and there witness a searching notation of the "types" of his environment, from the old apple-man to the parson, from the custom-house lounger to the sequestered spinster, their various characteristic traits, and the various suggestions of these as they appealed to his indefatigable but otiose fancy. Yet his study of traits never led him to create a character, nor his reflection on character to illustrate a moral truth with one—save in the exotic instance of Donatello, whose abundantly described faun-like *nature* is "transformed" into rather characterless character. Among his personages his manifest preferences are for Phoebe, Priscilla, Hilda, Pearl, according with his predilection for the undeveloped. He observed too coolly, lacking the ardor in which the data he accumulated should fuse into some general imaginative conception of real significance and substantial proportions. His humor lacks mirth. He has less sentiment than Irving—far less. His stories do not touch him. Occasionally there is a note like that of "The Gentle Boy." But even here it sounds rather plaintive than pathetic, and hardly moves us as the franker feeling of Irving's "Rural Funerals," for example. He is not moved himself. He preserves his equilibrium a little too admirably. The subject does not call for reserve; it is too slight. Considered as a creative artist he writes too much like a critic. His detachment is too great.

With such a character—so eminent for good sense, so unsentimental—his much-talked-of shyness is perhaps a fable. One of those friends from whom nothing saves the shyest, Dr. Loring, his fellow townsman, says: "The working of his mind was so sacred and mysterious to him that he was impatient of any attempt at familiarity or even intimacy with the divine power within him. . . . The sacredness of his genius was to him like the sacredness of his love." But this may easily be the transcendental way of recording an occasion on which when engaged in composition he was unwilling to be disturbed, even by Loring. He was less shy than taciturn—his own epithet. "Hawthorne was among the most enterprising of the merrymakers," says Fields of a picnic occasion. In England he turned out a ready and apt after-dinner orator—an impossibility for a shy man. He apologizes in "The Scarlet Letter" prologue for his tendency to talk about himself to his readers and, as I have said, this tendency was marked. He writes to Longfellow, a dozen years after leaving college: "By some witchcraft or other—for I cannot really assign any reasonable why or wherefore—I have been carried apart from the main current of life. . . . I have secluded myself from society; and yet I never meant any such thing." That is Hawthorne's weakness. In a sense he never meant anything. He drifted. In his own words: "An influence beyond our control lays its strong hand on everything we do and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity." He was, in fact, a fatalist. No wonder that his ideality was fanciful and insubstantial, and that its glimpses of real and vital truth are less frequent than they are sombre and profound.

VI

Thus predisposed by heredity, by environment and by constitution to work what he conceived to be his own peculiar vein, and what everyone around him agreed was his rare and original genius, Hawthorne, for the most part, as I say, supinely suffered his real gift to lie fallow. What it needed was development. And for development it needed not only exercise but nurture. With its moral austerity it would have responded beautifully to the influences of culture. And from such influences he protected himself with signal perversity and success. His imagination was not nurtured because his mind was not enriched. His mind, in fact, contained no furniture at all compared with that of any writer who has ever been called

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great. He had no particular amount of reading—beyond that current at the time among all so-called educated people: Dr. Johnson, Scott, Byron, Tom Moore, the belles-lettres of the period then closing. Instead of reading he reflected—"brooded," perhaps, in his pythian character. But he had very little to brood over. Hence the insubstantial nature of his fanciful progeny. Hence his fondness for mirage. Familiarity with the best that has been thought and said—and done—in the world would have diverted him from his irresponsibility and not only stimulated his imagination by enlarging its horizon but provided it with material—dispensed him from the necessity, however dissembled as his true and native function, of spinning his web of fantasticality from his own substance. Not only was his imagination of just the quality to react admirably under such stimulus and deal admirably with extended material, but his temperament was of just the order to be developed instead of paralyzed by external agencies. What drove it in upon itself was not sensitiveness but non-receptivity. He had the good sense, the lack of enthusiasm, the disillusioned pessimism of the man of the world. Only, his world was Salem and Concord when it was not, indeed, the still narrower confines of the custom-house and the old manse.

The real world was to him *terra incognita*, or at least negligible. Europe, especially, was but a museum to him. Nothing is more ridiculous than the detached and essentially supercilious attitude betrayed in his account of it. England, France, Italy, all rubbed him the wrong way. Yet he never had the remotest glimmer of a suspicion that the fact might be his fault. His candor is delightful; his conviction that it is the one virtue of criticism, that it "lets him out," so to speak, still more so; his loyalty to his crudest conclusions, most of all. English readers find him ungallant in recording his view of the British matron as compound of steaks and sirloins. His answer is that he loves Englishmen as much as his own countrymen but that the passage must stand because the view is correct. He *was* beautifully honest—always. No doubt he would have been if he had appreciated how it made him appear, if he had realized that one opinion is not as good as another. But as a sensitive plant he is surely a superstition. He travelled all over England, and chronicled his journeys and reflections with the assiduous minuteness—and about the interest—of Irving's account of Columbus's voyages. But he never became familiar with English life and rarely met any representative Englishmen. Those of his own profession he avoided with marked success. He never met Thackeray or Dickens, or Bulwer, or Disraeli. George Eliot he would not go to see because there was another Mrs. Lewes. He seems to have had no curiosity—which, of course, is the *primum mobile* of culture. His substitute for it is the most singular interest in the world—peculiar probably to American psychology—namely, that of travelling around the great world and applying one's own yard-stick to the phenomena it presents to one's virgin view. The English are more unmoved, more listless in their contemplation of what the world has to offer. I remember in Athens, once, a party of Nonconformists returning from Palestine and delayed a few hours by the necessity of changing steamers at the Piraeus. They were sitting around the Palace square. I asked their "personal conductor" why he didn't take them up to the Acropolis. "I tried to," he replied, "but they said they 'had seen ruins enough.'" Analogous Americans would have gone up but would not have been unduly impressed.

Art occupied a good deal of Hawthorne's thoughts while he was in Italy, but it certainly did not unduly impress him. He never found out what it was. The fact is not so remarkable as it may seem at the present time. In his day most Americans, educated or not, were in his case. That art had a particular province, language and sanction of its own was not widely understood. But then the subject was, in general, wholly neglected. There was, however, a colony of American artists in Rome and Hawthorne saw a good deal of these, and naturally came to consider the subject a good deal and with his usual candor. The amount of attention he paid it, yes, and the exceptional ill-luck he had with it, makes him exceptional among his contemporary countrymen—who, besides, were not great writers. Moreover, he made it a distinct feature of "The Marble Faun." He seems to have thought it was chiefly sculpture, partly perhaps because Story was a sculptor and Hawthorne was very loyal to his friends; having in the case of Pierce got

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around the question of slavery, he would naturally not let a bagatelle like art handicap his good-will. He was undoubtedly perfectly sincere in either instance, and the latter at all events shows how lightly, morals aside, he took the world which he had so long made the sport of his fancy. He cannot say enough about Story's "Cleopatra." She is "a terribly dangerous woman, quiet enough for the moment but very likely to spring upon you like a tigress." Her Coptic cast of countenance also illustrates Story's historical accuracy—in modelling a Greek. It is impossible to defend him from the late R. H. Hutton's charge of sprinkling "The Marble Faun" with "puffs of American sculpture"; which shows, too, how lightly he took literature also, or, at least, his own contributions to it. For painting he did not greatly care. He admitted Claude but he preferred Brown—preferred Brown indeed to any one, except possibly Thompson. Furthermore, he seems to have looked upon sculpture as essentially marble, whose "purity" and transparency afforded him positive sensations of pleasure. Bronze left him cold and he would not have subscribed to its current aggrandizement. Perhaps he unconsciously transferred to marble some of his pleasure in the moral spotlessness of such characters as Hilda and Phoebe for which, as I have already said, he shows a preference.

His interest in all art was indeed a specifically moral, not an æsthetic one. He takes the "literary view" with a vengeance. He terms the so-called "Beatrice Cenci" the greatest picture in the world, apparently forgetting that he has not seen all its rivals for such preëminence, and finds its neighbor, the so-called "Fornarina," repulsive—because the one portrait makes him think of a pitiful tragedy and the other recalls the fact that the painter to whom it was then ascribed had a mistress. The so-called question of "the nude in art"—which, so far as it is a question, certainly belongs rather to the police than to general criticism—troubled him a good deal. Mr. James finds his objection to the nude indicative of his lack of the plastic sense, which is surely to consider it as a superfluity. However, another biographer, Mr. Moncure Conway, says he was converted from a position savoring of intolerance so far as to declare his first views only through one of his characters—rather fatuously, I should say, selecting Miriam for the purpose—and that the honor of this partial conversion is due to Mrs. Jameson, whom doubtless he felt he could trust. The choice he offers among the many evidences of his æsthetic innocence is bewildering, but without being quite sure I am inclined to fix on the gift with which he endows Hilda as the one that demonstrates it most absolutely. Hilda's peculiar talent, it will be remembered, consisted in a faculty of copying the masterpieces of art with such penetration as to bring out beauties in them unsuspected by the masters themselves. It is needless to add that this power was accompanied by a complete inaptitude for original work. Hawthorne's fancy is here at its most characteristic. Providing Hilda with an exclusively sympathetic nature, he deduces from it a faculty incapable of self-expression but able to divine what the greatest artists were groping for in their approximative productions. This puerile degradation of art in the interest of irresponsible fancy is, at all events, both a striking illustration of what Hawthorne perversely preferred to the exercise of a noble imagination, and a striking witness of the insufficiency of his culture to save his intellectual levity from the reduction to the absurd.

With another great factor of civilization and consequently a quintessential of culture, history, namely, his acquaintance was even slighter than his familiarity with plastic art. The Parthenon's reputation might have drawn him to the Athenian Acropolis, but that of Pericles would hardly have stirred him from the palace square. Prattling pleasantly of the Concord battle-ground, he says with that candor which so frequently fringes fatuity, quite in the conventional manner of pride aping humility: "For my own part, I have never found my imagination much excited by this or any other scene of historic celebrity." "Septimius Felton" is a tale of the Revolution, but its references to it are casual and reluctant. "Our story," says Hawthorne, "is an internal one, dealing as little as possible with outward events, and taking hold of these only where it cannot be helped." In Rome itself he is quite imperturbable and detached. The perpetual pageant passing before the cultivated imagination hardly wins a glance from him. "It is a singular

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fascination that Rome exercises upon artists. There is clay elsewhere, and marble enough, and heads to model," he exclaims, identifying, as usual, art with sculpture and sculpture with marble. Beside his "Note-Books" Baedeker reads like Gibbon. His own experiences amid the paraphernalia of the past largely preoccupy his pen. In the Louvre, for example, he encountered Catherine de Medici's dressing-glass "in which," he records, "I saw my own face where hers had been." Profound thought, no doubt, to one, part of whose originality consists in the independence to cherish the banal as well as the recondite, but devoid of historic sentiment. If he withdrew from the world around him it was not into the past that he retired. He had no more the historic sense than he had an ear for music or an eye for beauty—save in landscape of an idyllic character—or an appreciation of art, or a love of poetry. At least if he had them he had them in the germ. And he never cultivated the germ.

One field of history, however, he knew, and knew thoroughly. The New England of the early Puritans he had studied if not systematically at any rate to repletion. He had made it his own. He understood it as a phase of civilization, an epoch, an era, in the community life of the American people. And if any one contests the value of culture, even to a writer of pure romance, a complete answer is to be found in the fact that Hawthorne succeeded in the main when he dealt with the Puritans and almost invariably failed when he did not. There, he had a background, material and a subject of substance.

VII

"The Scarlet Letter" is not merely a masterpiece, it is a unique book. It is not a story of adultery. The word does not, I think, occur in the book—a circumstance in itself typifying the detachment of the conception and the delicate art of its execution. But in spite of its detachment and delicacy, the inherent energy of the theme takes possession of the author's imagination and warms it into exalted exercise, making it in consequence at once the most real and the most imaginative of his works. It is essentially a story neither of the sin nor of the situation of illicit love—presents neither its psychology nor its social effects; neither excuses nor condemns nor even depicts, from this specific point of view. Incidentally, of course, the sin colors the narrative and the situation is its particular result. But, essentially, the book is a story of concealment. Its psychology is that of the concealment of sin amid circumstances that make a sin of concealment itself. The sin itself might, one may almost say, be almost any other. And this constitutes no small part of the book's formal originality. To fail to perceive this is quite to misconceive it. As a story of illicit love its omissions are too great, its significance is not definite enough, its detail has not enough richness, the successive scenes of which it is composed have not an effective enough cohesion. Above all, Chillingworth is a mistake, or at most a wasted opportunity. For he is specialized into a mere function of malignity, and withdrawn from the reader's sympathies, whereas what completes, if it does not constitute, the tragedy of adultery, is the sharing by the innocent of the punishment of the guilty. This inherent element of the situation, absolutely necessary to a complete presentment of it, the crumbling of the innocent person's inner existence, is absolutely neglected in "The Scarlet Letter," and the element of a malevolent persecution of the culpable substituted for it. The innocent person thereby becomes, as I have already said, an expedient, and though in this way Hawthorne is enabled to vivify the effect of remorse upon the minister by personifying its furies, in this way, too, he sacrifices at once the completeness of his picture and its depth of truth by disregarding one of its most important elements.

He atones for this by concentration on the culpable. It is *their* psychology alone that he exhibits. And though in this way he has necessarily failed to write the *chef-d'œuvre* of the general subject that in the field of art has been classic since monogamy established itself in society, he has produced a perfect masterpiece in the more detached and withdrawn sphere more in harmony with his genius. In narrowing his range and observing its limits he has perhaps even increased the poignancy of his effect. And his effect *is* poignant and true as reality itself. In confining himself to the concealment of sin rather than depicting its phenomena and its results, he has indeed brought out, as has never been done else-

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where, the importance of this fatal increment of falsity among the factors of the whole chaotic and unstable moral equilibrium. Concealment in "The Scarlet Letter," to be sure, is painted in very dark colors. In similar cases it may be a duty, and is, at all events, the mere working of a natural instinct—at worst a choice of the lesser evil. But surely there is no exaggeration or essential loss of truth in the suggestion of its potentialities for torture conveyed by the agony of the preacher's double-life. The sombre close, the scarcely alleviated gloom of the whole story are in fit keeping with the theme, which is the truth that, in the words of the tale itself, "an evil deed invests itself with the character of doom," and with its development through the torture of concealment to the expiation of confession.

Here, for once, with Hawthorne we have allegory richly justifying itself, the allegory of literature not that of didacticism, of the imagination not of the fancy, allegory neither vitiated by caprice nor sterilized by moralizing, but firmly grounded in reality and nature. Note how, accordingly, even the ways of the wicked fairy that obsessed him are made to serve him, for even the mirage and symbolism so dear to his mind and so inveterate in his practice, blend legitimately with the pattern of his thoroughly naturalistic tapestry. Is the fanciful element excessive, the symbolism overdone? I think not, on the whole. Hawthorne seems to have been so "possessed" by his story as to have conducted the development of its formal theme for once subconsciously, so to speak, and with the result of decorating rather than disintegrating reality in its exposition. At all events to this possession (how complete it was as a matter of material fact all his biographers attest) two notable and wholly exceptional results are due. In the first place he *felt* his theme, as he never felt it elsewhere, and consequently presented it with an artistic cogency he never elsewhere attained. The story, in other words, is real and true. If it is thought to show a bias in pushing too far the doom of evil, to ignore the whole New Testament point of view, as it may be called, epitomized in the Master's "Go and sin no more," the answer is that though in this way it may lose in typical value, it gains in imaginative realism, since it is a story of that Puritan New England where it sometimes seems as if the New Testament had been either suspect or unknown. Besides, there is enough demonstration of its text on the hither side of what it is necessary to invoke the Puritan *milieu* to justify. Every erring soul may not suffer the extremity of Dimmesdale's agony, but it suffers enough, and the inevitability of its suffering was never more convincingly exhibited than in this vivid picture, softened as it is into a subdued intensity by the artist's poetized, however predetermined, treatment.

For, in the second place, it is here alone that Hawthorne seems to have felt his *characters* enough to feel them sympathetically and so to realize them to the full. They are very real and very human. What the imagination of a recluse, even, can do to this end when held to its own inspiration and not seduced into the realm of the fantastic, may be seen in the passage where Hester pleads for the continued custody of her child. Pearl herself is a jewel of romance. Nothing more imaginatively real than this sprite-like and perverse incarnation of the moral as well as physical sequence of her parents' sin exists in romance. Her individuality is an inspiration deduced with the logic of nature and with such happy art that her symbolic quality is as incidental in appearance as it is seen to be inherent on reflection. Mr. James, who objects to the symbolism of "The Scarlet Letter," nevertheless found her substantial enough to echo in the charming but far less vivid Pansy of his "Portrait of a Lady." Chillingworth, the other symbolic character, is in contrast an embodied abstraction —the one *expedient*, as I have said, of the book. But it cannot be denied that he performs a needful function and, artistically, is abundantly justified. As a Puritan parallel of Mephistopheles he is very well handled. "The Scarlet Letter" is, in fact, the Puritan "Faust," and its symbolic and allegorical element, only obtrusive in a detail here and there at most, lifts it out of the ordinary category of realistic romance without—*since nothing of importance is sacrificed to it*—enfeebling its imaginative reality. The beautiful and profound story is our one prose masterpiece and it is as difficult to overpraise it as it is to avoid poignantly regretting that Hawthorne failed to recognize its value and learn the lesson it might have taught him.

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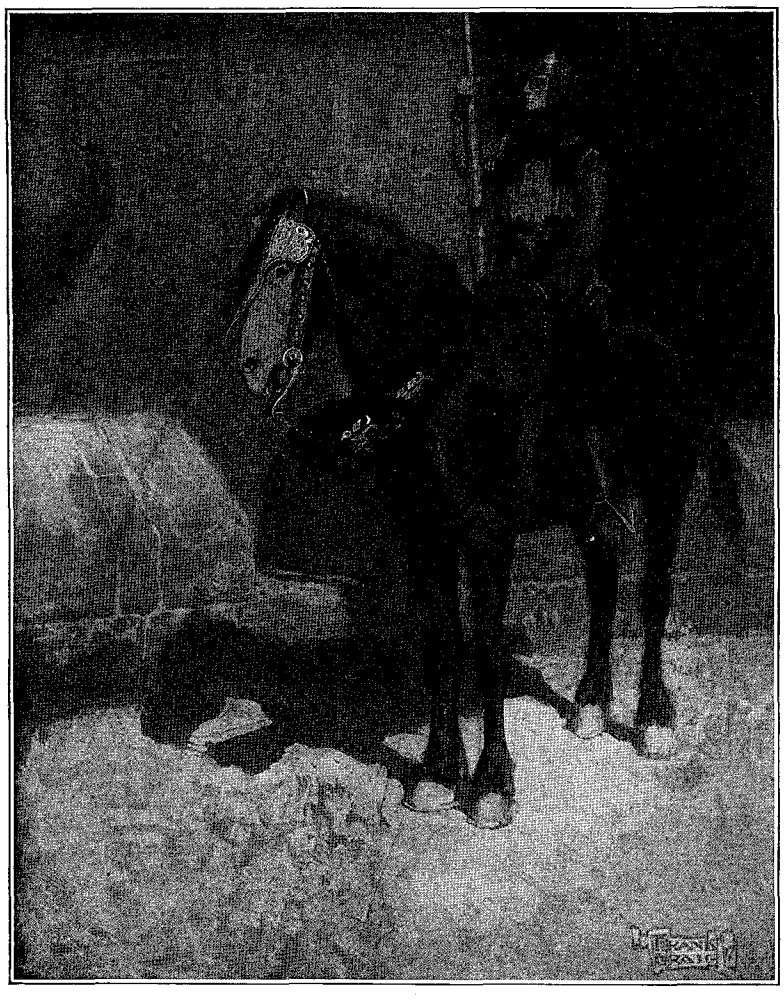

The lone rider hoving by the moat.

THE DEAD DU GUESCLIN*

A BALLAD FROM FROISSART (A.D. 1380)

By E. Sutton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK CRAIG

The summons ended, swift reply did float
From the sky-shadowing donjon's lancet-bars,
To the lone rider hoving by the moat
Y-strown with sleeping stars.

* Bertrand du Guesclin ceased to besiege Château-neuf-Randon, an English fortress in Guyenne, on condition that it should be surrendered if not relieved within a certain time, but fell sick of a fever and died on the very morning of the appointed day. The governor of the castle, when called upon to observe the compact, refused to deliver up the keys to any save the dead constable himself.

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The Dead Du Guesclin

"Though Du Guesclin be dead, the pact I own,
Since aid has failed of the appointed hour.
Herald, abide below; to him alone
I yield me and my tower!"

Soon on the silence roared the rusted chain,
Jolted the drawbridge down; with angry light
The grated arch through sundered portals twain
Cross-barred the misty night

Sable and gules. Then from within there came
Thus lit, with sudden glints of moving mail,
And shades forebroadening from the cresset's flame,
The brawn of many a dale

From Berwick to Carlisle for beacons famed,
Bowmen and billmen habergeoned and stark,
The Leopard's litter, conquered but untamed,
And grimmer than the dark

Thick-woven 'neath the eastward towers. Their line
Thence issued like a serpent from a pool,
With scale on scale that sprent the young moonshine
Like icicles at Yule.

One trumpet sang their march, with mid-between
Steel-trampling silences, when near and far
The owls cried answer, to a forest dene
Wherein a ruddy spar

Of light that brake in arrows through the leaves
Led to an abbey, and thereby a fire
Blazed 'twixt the buttresses to the looming eaves
And gargoyles of the choir.

Ruined it was, and old, but rich and fair
Rose the wide portal, arched with seraphim
That peeped and hovered to the shuddering glare
Or sank in shadow dim.

Then at a challenge, forth from their array,
One knightly in bright armor came, who bore
The fortress keys, for whom the guard made way
Within that darksome door.

Groping and slow the English captain passed
Along a roofless transept where the wind
Shivered among the pillars, and at last,
Deep in the night enshrined,

Saw a great clearness, though as yet he heard
No sound but of his steps that gridingly
Rang on the flags, or in the vaulting slurred,
Fringing the clerestorie

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The leopard's litter, conquered but untamed.—Page 86.

Blackly with shards and cantles like to fall.
  Then was he 'ware that 'neath an altar's ray
Girt with grim steel and pomp armorial
  The dead Du Guesclin lay.

Surcoated gules and argent, save the head
  Clad all in panoply of Milan mail,
Beneath his bannered eagle beaked with red
  That like an idle sail

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Swung to the night-wind. So 'twixt shine and shade
  Leaped the great lineaments that on fields of yore,
Cocherel, Auray, or Najara, swayed
  The thundering waves of war.

Gisarme and axe and glaive two-handed stood
  Rangèd four-square about his couch of peace,
Whereon for pall y-clad the carven wood
  The glorious Fleurs-de-Lys,

Azure and or semée in sweeping line.
  Incense arose in many a circling stream,
And the wan moon brake through the tapers' shine
  Like music through a dream.

Alas, how changed that prince of chivalry,
  By none save Chandos equalled in his day!
Captain of half the hosts of Christiantie,
  How silently he lay!

The hands that stormed the portals of Renown
  Folded in supplication, while above,
All-pityingly, the Crucified looked down
  On him who fought for love

Of France and Honor and fair Brittany:
  And the knight English moving to the bier,
Upon a great brand leaning heavily
  Beheld with heavy cheer.

Then while hot tears upon his gorget ran,
  "Ah," said he, "liest thou so low, my lord,
The truest lover and the kindest man
  That ever strake with sword!

"Thou that wert never matched of earthly fame
  For fealty, valiaunce, or hardyness,
The goodliest in strength that ever came
  Amid the knightly press!

"Of sinful flesh thou wast the truest friend
  That ever bestrad horse or fought in field,
And in thy courtesy to none didst bend
  That ever bare a shield.

"Yea, thou wert gentlest of all, I trow,
  That ever ate in hall as ladies' guest,
And sternest knight unto thy mortal foe
  That e'er put spear in rest.

"Lo; here I yield me and my company,
  Here, on thy breast the guerdon of thy toil:
Would they were keys of Paradise for thee,
  Whom may the Saints assoil!"

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A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

By Frances Wilson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

GEOGHEGAN, editor of the *Pickaxe and Spade*, was not happy. In his office in one of the ramshackle buildings that dejectedly survive the old New York, he sat scowling at a paragraph in one of the great morning dailies.

The said paragraph referred to the *Pickaxe and Spade* as "our esteemed contemporary whose cause is stronger than its English," and cited a sentence from the latest issue of that paper.

"A man like you or I, who has come up from the ditch, stands for more than the lily-fingered dudes who sit in Wall Street offices plotting against the Rights of Labor."

The editorials of the *Pickaxe and Spade* had more than once been the subject of extensive journalistic gayety, hard to bear when Geoghegan could see its drift, but maddening when, as in the present case, he could not. They usually rallied him upon his use of the pronoun "me," and groping for their meaning, he had secretly determined to abandon that pronoun in favor of what he conceived to be the more modish form. Yet there was the "I," plain and unmistakable, and still they were not suited.

Suddenly he remembered the assistant to whom he had, after a manner, confided his grammatical honor.

"Miss Madden!" he called sharply, and, in response to his voice, a young woman whose belt and pompadour seemed to be edging as far as possible away from each other, appeared in the doorway, her jaw moving dreamily, her complacent bearing the ingenuous acknowledgment of the "fatal gift."

"What's the matter with that sentence?" he roared with a brutal disregard of her pictorial value. Geoghegan's moods, like Nature's, were sometimes shockingly unrefined, and apology for him is hereby made, in the hope that his candor, at least, will plead for him with the squeamish.

"You see—there's something wrong again," he continued, striking his fist upon his desk to emphasize his words. "What's the use of your being a gradjuate of the grammar-school of this city, if you don't know nothing about grammar?"

Some persons might have found this query disconcerting; not so Miss Madden. The possession of a pair of plump white hands that needed but the addition of a solitaire diamond ring to render them perfect in her sight, and of a waist whose slenderness was the subject of much agreeable comment, had lifted her far above the reach of adverse criticism.

"May be it *had* ought to be 'me,'" she murmured in a reflective tone, glancing at the paragraph indicated. "Yes"—brightening—"I guess 'me' does sound better."

"You guess!" snarled Geoghegan with ineffable scorn. "You guess! Don't you *know?*"

From under his shaggy eyebrows he flashed a look almost of hatred at her smug composure; he, who but a few short months before had chosen her chiefly on account of the qualities that now enraged him.

"Yes, I'm sure," she answered with an air of finality, affecting a certainty she was far from feeling, merely to keep the peace; and with a grunt of contempt, her employer turned away, realizing the futility of seeking help in that quarter.

The man had, to use his own phrase, "come up from the ditch," for which, surely, all honor was due him. But he had come, unfortunately for his peace of mind, just as he was—a tall, muscular Irishman, uncommonly handy with his words and undeniably weak in his grammar. There are many tyrannies known in the ditch, but the despotism of grammar is not among them; which goes toward proving that no lot is without its compensations.

Oratory was in his blood, and when the power of public speech is in a man, no hostility of environment can suppress it. Whenever the "boss" was out of ear-shot, exhor-

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tation and invective flowed from Geoghegan's lips as naturally as water runs downhill.

With such a gift he was bound to rise. His companions, stolid, hard-working men, not over given to speech, listened to him agape. The way that the man could talk seemed to them nothing short of wonderful, and as a result of his fiery eloquence, they carried about a permanent vision of Labor, chained and bleeding, with Capital lustily brandishing a club over her.

On the wings of his oratory, then, he rose from the ditch and began his upward flight, reaching the editorship of the *Pickaxe and Spade* in an incredibly short time. But every success has its dash of bitterness, and it was here that he was destined to learn that the pen is a weapon to be used gingerly by the unaccustomed.

He bore the earlier outbursts of merriment at his expense with comparative composure, alive to the free advertisement they afforded, and sceptical as to the importance of grammar. But after a while the thing began to irritate his vanity and fill him with a ludicrous distrust of words, which, it now seemed to him, needed as much care in handling as high explosives. But though he tried to go softly, the detonations of mirth continued until he was beside himself with exasperation.

Miss Madden, who looked upon a stenographer without beauty as little more than a tinkling cymbal, and who held her position by that supposedly invincible tenure, had no suspicion whatever of the crisis at hand.

When Geoghegan put it to her in plain English that she would not do, and that he was going to get someone whose grammar was, as he said, O. K., she had a sickening personal revelation of the folly of casting pearls before swine. She soon, however, recovered her usual *aplomb*.

"And me a grammar-school graduate!" was the ejaculation that fell from her lips in a tone of frozen amazement. "Well, what do you think of that?"

Then, addressing herself more especially to Geoghegan, she went on haughtily, "You certainly have your nerve!" an accusation which was, let us hope, founded upon truth, for an editor having neither grammar nor nerve would, indeed, be in a bad way.

The funds of the *Pickaxe and Spade* were by no means plentiful, but with the determination of a desperate man, Geoghegan now worked out a scheme of small economies which made it possible to offer a stenographer twenty dollars per week. A really competent knowledge of grammar, one that he could rest his whole weight upon, would, he surmised, come high; but he was resolved to have it at any price.

While these events were taking place in the office of the *Pickaxe and Spade*, a somewhat similar upheaval was occurring in one of those Wall Street offices that were the favorite theme of his philippics.

There was down there a certain private secretary who was receiving a salary unquestionably liberal "for a woman." Now, as everybody knows, work done by a woman is worth less than the same work performed by a man, though nobody seems to know why.

No wise woman ever questions the justice of this decree. She recalls, rather, the instructive story of Delilah, and taking heart, bides her time inscrutably. But Justina Darrow was not wise. Moreover, she was temperamentally debarred from adjusting herself to a rule so audaciously one-sided in its workings.

Sex, it appeared, counted only when salary was under consideration, and then counted against you if you were of the feminine gender. Being a woman on Wall Street carried penalties, but, oddly enough, no privileges. You were never told to stop earlier or to take a longer vacation because you were a poor, weak woman. Nor could you, as a man might do, put on your hat and stroll down the street to see other men, making a five minutes' business transaction the excuse for a half-hour of recreation.

Miss Darrow struggled bravely; but after a while, her growing sense of injustice blotted out everything else in life. Sometimes it took the form of a lump in the throat; at others, the more militant one of tightly shut teeth and flashing eyes; and at last the decisive moment arrived. The spirit of Patrick Henry descended and burned within her like a cold, white flame.

"I know not what course other women may take," she might well have paraphrased, "but as for me, give me justice, or give me starvation." She wasted no time now bandying words. She simply stopped, abruptly and quietly, as a watch does when the mainspring has snapped, and quitted

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"What's the matter with that sentence?"—Page 89.

the office, leaving behind a note of explanation, shorn of the customary euphemisms, in which the truth as she saw it was set forth with a lack of suavity that might well have destroyed one employer's faith in the gratitude of woman.

Having left Wall Street—and incidentally her bread and butter—splendidly in the lurch, this rebel against established error now turned her eyes elsewhere and discovered Geoghegan's signal for help. In spite of its pleonasm (he had thought it wise to insert the proviso "Must be posted on grammar" in his advertisement for a woman to do literary work) the notice seemed to her inspired by Providence, and her frame of mind can best be indicated by referring the reader to the Twenty-third Psalm.

The office of the *Pickaxe and Spade* was in a part of town unfamiliar to her, where the streets run blindly into each other and the buildings wear the careless aspect of old age. Hitherto her experience had led her to a stately edifice whose noble corridors suggested a fane; an impression that was heightened by the kneeling figures of the charwomen who washed the tessellated floors.

"I believe I'll exchange work with you," she had once remarked to one of these. The woman glanced up at her in surprise and reproach.

"An' you a quane up there, with Turkish rugs under y'r fate an' plinty o' foine gintlemin to talk with. Sure an' its rheumatiz in y'r j'ints ye'd git fur y'r pains," was

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her dry retort, but Justina wondered if "rheumatiz in the j'ints" were not to be chosen in preference to a rankling sense of unfairness.

A memory of that refined torture now braced her mood and hardened her moral fibre. If she must say good-by to the refinements of business life, so be it.

Whether either of the two indomitable individuals who now met for the first time recognized the god in the other has not transpired. Miss Darrow found Geoghegan looking, she imagined, very much himself, without either coat or vest. This may have been the reason that she instantly classed him as a good fighter. Aggression spoke from every line of the lean face, with its shrewd, deep-set eyes and bristling hair and moustache. It was a face that repelled and attracted in an almost equal degree.

He, meanwhile, was making deductions with similar rapidity. Noting the absence of pompadour and picture hat, he decided that she had no style. "Not much on looks, either," he thought, "but I guess another beauty bright would have busted up the *P. & S.* and been the death of me."

"Take a seat," he said aloud, nodding toward a chair, and Miss Darrow did as she was bidden and waited expectantly.

"You're edjucated, I suppose?" he observed, laying his cigar on his desk and turning his undivided attention to her. "I s'pose you know all about grammar and the reasons—mind you, I've got to have somebody that knows the reasons."

His visitor managed a bewildered assent. She was really very much puzzled, for she had not anticipated precisely this sort of an introduction to the literary life. Being in the habit of taking grammar for granted, she was at a loss to account for the rooted distrust of Geoghegan's manner.

"Are you sure you know when 'me' is right, and when it's the proper caper to say 'I' and all that nonsense?" he demanded insistently, his tone making it plain that he thought such things beneath the notice of a strong man. Something in his manner roiled her and put her instantly on the defensive.

"Do you object to education," she asked coolly, "and does the correct use of the pronoun particularly annoy you?"

Geoghegan stared. It was not thus that the "beauty bright" had been wont to answer him, but the eyes that met his did not waver by a hair's-breadth and he suddenly broke into an uproarious laugh.

"See here," he said with jovial relief, "I like your style. I have an idee you'll do. Between you an' I, what I don't know about grammar would fill a book. Not that I'm complainin'," he continued arrogantly, "for I can talk, grammar or no grammar. But some of those smart editors who were sending college bills home to father years after I was doing a man's work in the world have been rubbing it in. They're having lots of fun with me because I don't talk by rule, but I notice they're mighty shy about meeting me on the platform, as I've dared 'em to do more than once. Their hack-kneed phrases wouldn't show up as well in a debate as they do in print."

Miss Darrow was plainly overcome.

"What sort of a paper is the *Pickaxe and Spade?*" she inquired as soon as she could find voice. At the question Geoghegan threw out his chest and dilated his nostrils.

"The *Pickaxe and Spade*," he rolled out in a tone whose volume made her start nervously, "is a trade-union paper. It's the organ of the men who dig and delve in your sewers and subways, so that your Wall Street dudes may have the conveniences of life."

At the mention of Wall Street he bared his teeth in an alarmingly canine way, and she was glad that she had not mentioned her recent connection with that contaminated district. No fair-minded person, she was aware, could really justify Wall Street; still she was unprepared for the intensity of contempt that he managed to infuse into his sneering sentence.

"Do you know anything about trade-unions?" he demanded with an abrupt change of tone.

She had heard them mentioned with a good deal of asperity when, from time to time, their dictates interfered with the machinery of life. It now seemed possible, however, that Wall Street's opinion of labor-unions might be as prejudiced as Geoghegan's opinion of Wall Street, so for answer she discreetly shook her head.

"You're a worker, and you ought to know about 'em," was his dogmatic comment. "Here's a chance for you to learn. You can lay your knowledge of grammar on the altar of Labor."

His manner was absurdly oratorical, but

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a genuine thrill of consecration stirred her heart and her eyes began to shine.

"I should like that," she said heartily; "it would put a soul into the day's work. I'm positive that I have grammar enough for your purpose, Mr. Geoghegan. What would you think of taking lessons, yourself?" she went on eagerly, a vision of Geoghegan, grammatically strengthened and purified by her efforts, rising in her mind.

He darted a suspicious look at her, but her expression reassured him. "I've read Emerson and Spencer and Carlyle," was his answer, "and I can make speeches that convince men of what I want 'em to be convinced of. They may not be very grammar-like, but they have red blood in 'em, and that's what you can't get out o' books. I guess I'll worry along, thank you, and let you furnish the learning."

It was thus that Miss Darrow, forsaking the flesh-pots of Wall Street, became purveyor of grammar for the *Pickaxe and Spade*. Being endowed with inflammable mind-stuff, her enthusiasm for the new work had passed all bounds long before Monday morning came.

She compared Geoghegan's rude, unlettered force with the conventional acquirements of her late associates, to the complete disparagement of the latter. She pictured herself as the scholarly defender of the oppressed, and began at once to form the habit of purely democratic thinking. If she had ever thought herself better than anyone else, she now earnestly resolved not to think so again—if she could help it.

Half-past eight Monday morning found her at her post, yawning, to be sure, but glorying in the hardship. Now that she was one of the defenders of a Cause, she looked back with pitying contempt upon the days when she was merely a hireling.

"What Labor needs is a spirit and a spine," she mused.—Page 97.

Geoghegan did not appear until ten o'clock, and he seemed to have undergone some curious metamorphosis. This man in the handsome overcoat and a hat of the latest block, could he be the Geoghegan she had seen and talked with a few days earlier? His look of smug prosperity aroused her antagonism. He didn't seem democratic enough for a labor leader. She thought of the men in the ditch, and a quick suspicion entered her mind. Was Geoghe-

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gan, after all, a champion of labor, or was he simply the same old thing—a champion of self? She wondered.

"Good-morning, Miss Darrow, good-morning," was his greeting, delivered in his unconquerably rhetorical manner. "Glad to see you're ready for work. Hope you were here at eight-thirty sharp, ma'am, for I always like to have my office hands on time."

Miss Darrow's lips parted and her eyebrows intertwined in an expression of extreme incredulity. For a moment democracy was forgotten in her amazement at hearing a Darrow apostrophized as a "hand." She suspected that what is known in romance as a "steely light" gleamed in her eye, a suspicion that was corroborated by a subtle change that her employer's manner now underwent.

This passing unpleasantness was forgotten in the interest of her first day's work. Geoghegan dictated with an oratorical flourish that seemed to affect even her dots and dashes, but she was more than ever impressed by his innate ability, more than ever interested in the enigma of his personality. If at one moment his ignorance was sublime, at the next his intelligence was equally disconcerting, and she concluded that there was but one Geoghegan.

He, too, was impressed.

"You certainly can sling English," he remarked with a grateful glance in her direction as he finished signing his letters. "These sound good to me." And the words gave her a satisfaction never experienced in more prosperous days.

All of her spare time—and there was a good deal of it—was now spent in poring over books in dreary bindings that recounted the still more dreary tale of labor's struggle against oppression. Ofttimes, her cheeks burned at the memory of having been one of the ungodly tribe on Wall Street.

"Say," said Geoghegan one morning as he unlocked his desk, "I have an idee. Suppose you contribute to our columns. Try a thousand words each on 'The Ladies' Entrance' and 'The Hand that Rocks the Cradle.'"

Once more the *motif* of the Twenty-third Psalm became her personal possession. Being able to help, she now knew, was the perfect glory. But she had perforce to ask a question.

"The Ladies' Entrance to what?" she demanded.

Her employer looked slightly bored.

"The Ladies' Entrance to saloons," he explained with a patronizing air. "Lots of our girls go there, and I want you to put up a good argument to keep 'em away. Make out that it ain't the swagger thing to do. Make 'em feel that it ain't high-toned—that's the way to get 'em. In the other story, crack up the beauty of motherhood."

He turned to his work, and after a moment of hysterical glee she steadied her thoughts to the serious task in hand, uplifted and inspired. With her and Maude Gonne both in the field, the case of the toiling masses seemed suddenly to become less hopeless.

When Geoghegan read her themes he was possessed with a desire to show off his own paces, for he did not feel altogether sure that she did him justice, and humility was not one of his failings. But great as the gift of oratory is, it has one drawback—it presupposes a public.

It was while he was in this frame of mind that a chance remark of Miss Darrow's revealed her former relations with Wall Street, and Geoghegan seized his opportunity. He paced the floor, he swung his arms, he shook a threatening finger in her face, he curled his lip and pounded the table until the pens and pencils jumped.

The victim of this word-slide watched him like a person transfixed. Once she glanced furtively behind her, the illusion of an audience being so strong that she could scarcely believe herself the sole listener. When at last he ceased—he had talked precisely fifty-five minutes by the clock she could see through the window—she did not attempt to speak. But he was content. The expression of her face was a sufficient tribute to his power. He had been an enigma before, but he now became cryptic.

There were times when he would speak feelingly of the wrongs of the man in the ditch, in a deep-toned, vibrating voice whose appeal was irresistible, and her admiration for him rose to reverence. Then, perhaps within the hour, she would hear him rating with brutal arrogance one of the stiff, bent laborers who were always trailing in and out of the office, and her distrust of him would deepen into dislike. Meeting the questioning look of her eyes upon one such

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"There is as much oppression of labor right here in your office as there is upon Wall Street."—Page 98.

occasion, he confided to her that he had "to live in a swell part of town or he'd be overrun with their visits," and he did not at all understand the sudden light that blazed in his listener's eyes.

Other inconsistencies also came to her notice.

"I think I'll have to report you to my union," she observed mildly near the end of her third week. "I believe you said the hours were from eight-thirty till five, Saturdays till one."

Geoghegan shot a ferocious look at her. Experience had taught him that the dearest privilege of being a "boss" lay in making other people feel your power. A brutal retort rose to his tongue, but remembering her grammar, he refrained. It was clear to him, however, that she had gone into the history of the unions rather too deeply.

As the reader has probably inferred, Miss Darrow was a young woman of unrelenting logic. Under fostering circumstances, she would have made one of those thoroughgoing reformers who would set the world right in a day, if the world would only give them a chance. As it was, the incongruities in the office of the *Pickaxe and Spade* began to trouble her mind.

She would have worked overtime gladly, week-days and Sunday, for the Cause had it been necessary. But that was just the point; there was comparatively little to do, but what there was, Geoghegan kept back until late in the afternoon. She began to suspect that keeping his office force overtime was an exercise of authority that he particularly enjoyed.

"Johnny," she said to the office-boy, in pursuance of this theory, "does this office ever close on time?"

Johnny contemplated her pityingly.

"Close on time!" he echoed. "I should say it don't. I been here 'leven months an' it ain't ever closed yit at five, or one on Saturday."

"Are you so busy, then?"

"Naw—only once in a while. He just keeps us here 'cause he likes to."

"Why don't you quit? Because, you

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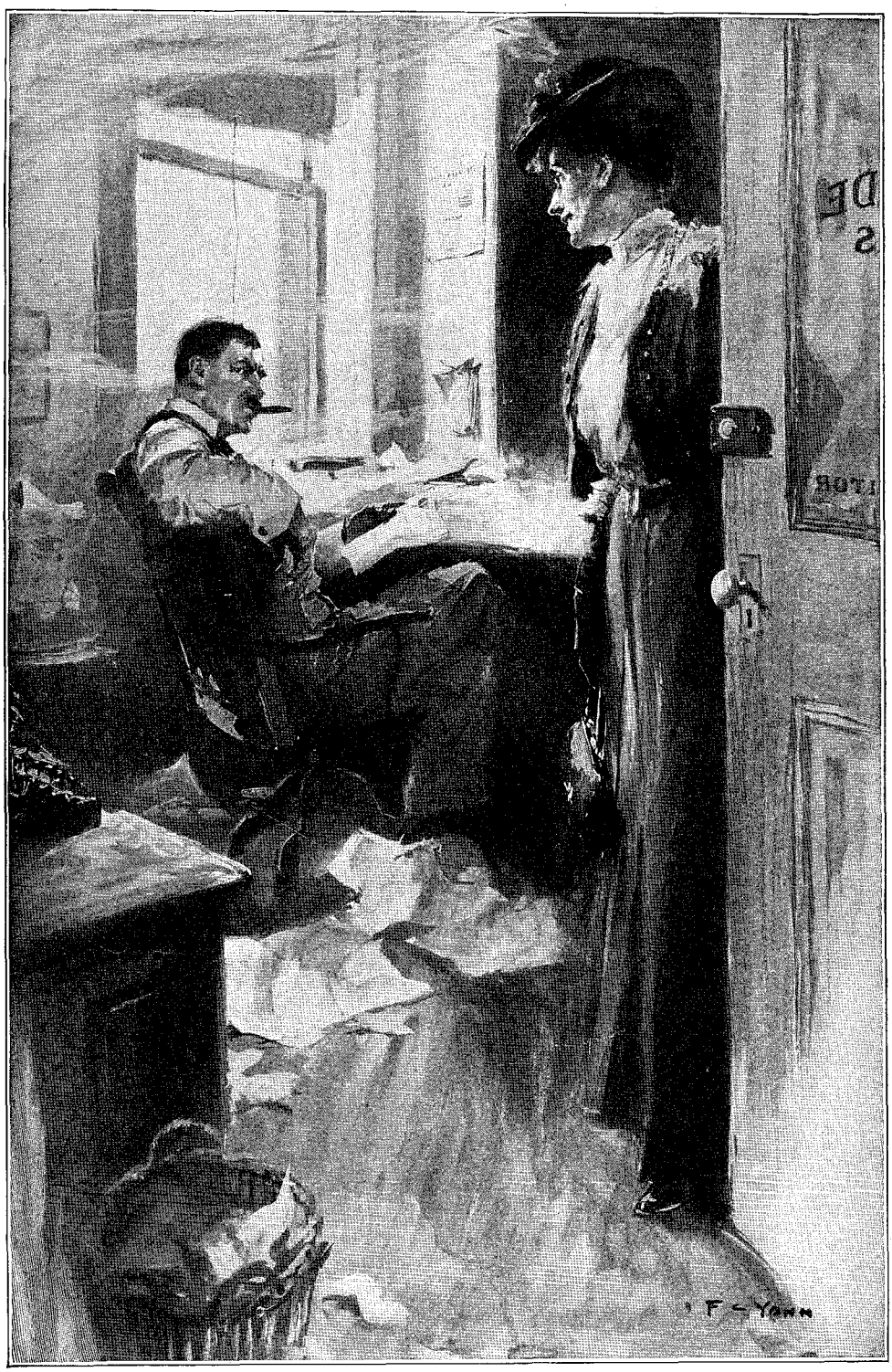

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I'm about to return to the enemies of labor," she said wickedly.—Page 98.

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know, you should keep your agreement with an employer, and then you should see that he keeps his with you."

"Aw, I dunno," drawled Johnny. "Mebbe I will quit some day."

Miss Darrow watched him as he lounged over to the window and, leaning against the casing, looked out with an air of sodden dulness.

"What Labor needs is a spirit and a spine," she mused with an odd little smile which had in it a touch of prescience.

On that street the mere mention of whose name caused Geoghegan to show his teeth, absences for the purpose of visiting the dentist are accepted as a matter of course. Miss Darrow therefore spoke in perfect innocence when upon leaving the office one night she said:

"By the way, I won't be down until noon to-morrow, as I have an appointment at the dentist's. I suppose it won't make any difference, as you never give me your work in the morning." Long after she had left the office she found herself wondering why Mr. Geoghegan had looked so queer. When, a week later, the same thing happened again, she was enlightened.

Losing all control of his temper, he turned upon her with a snarl that caused her to step back involuntarily.

"Too much time, Miss Darrow, entirely too much time," he bellowed. "I'm afraid that Wall Street ways won't do here. We're only working people, you know. I'm 'fraid you ain't used to work."

She was eying him with a quietness that was deadly. To be spoken to in this wise by a man whom she had succored from untold horrors of false syntax and who had, in the sacred name of Labor, filched from her, as she rapidly calculated, nine hours a week for nearly four weeks was an outrage hard to forgive.

But she remembered the Cause and the men in the ditch whom the *Pickaxe and Spade* represented; she even tried to remember that there was another Geoghegan, possessing qualities that commanded respect and admiration. And also she remembered her advice to Johnny.

"I shall certainly go to the dentist's," she reiterated in even tones.

Noon the next day found her in her place. Her employer was apparently sunk in an absorption from which no ordinary happening could arouse him. He did not look up or notice her in any way. The afternoon dragged on and she yawned and fidgeted restlessly. For some reason, her interest in trade-union literature flagged. All good causes seemed equally hopeless to her.

At five o'clock she pushed back her chair, thinking for once to leave promptly. For the first time that day Geoghegan became aware of her presence.

"I've got a few letters to write," he said shortly.

Presently he began to dictate. She was in the flat, nerveless mood that follows undue enthusiasm—the mood of the idealist who has sustained a rude shock. Injustice was everywhere, and those whose slogan was "Down with injustice" were perhaps most unjust of all. A satirical smile haunted her lips.

"There'll have to be some wire-pulling done, Tom, if I'm re-elected," Geoghegan was dictating. "It seems like yisterday, old boy, that you and I was working side by side in the ditch, stealing a little time when the boss wasn't looking. Them was fine days, Tom, and I hope you won't forgit 'em when you cast your vote at the March meeting."

She glanced at Geoghegan, humor and sarcasm blending in her face, her disillusionment complete. Poor old Labor—what with enemies within and enemies without, it didn't seem to stand the shadow of a chance.

Geoghegan's bombastic sentences flowed on. Judging from the number of letters in his basket and the dates he gave her—some five and six months in the past—he must have taken them from the file to give his retaliation an excuse.

She was determined not to lose her temper; that would be too much like Geoghegan; but as the darkness grew deeper and the building subsided into the quietness of its deserted hours, she grew uneasy and half afraid.

"What time is it, please?"

Geoghegan hesitated. The words were non-committal, but there was no mistaking the suppressed indignation of her tone. He perceived instantly that he had gone too far, and he had meant to go just far enough; to stop just short of the point, that would mean rupture. Immediately he changed his tactics.

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"Er—quarter to eight! Well, who would have thought it?" he answered in feigned surprise. "Um—had no idea it was so late."

"No?"

She pulled out a drawer, tossed her notebook inside, and rising, clasped her hands behind her and looked the champion of labor squarely in the eye. When she spoke he was reminded of shot falling upon marble.

"You hired me to work five days in the week from eight-thirty till five, and Saturdays until one," she said slowly. "I shall have been here four weeks to-morrow, and never once have I stopped before six, or on Saturdays before five. And you pose as a friend of labor!"

Her short, scornful laugh made him wince, but she gave him no chance to speak.

"You, who in your day, I understand, have been a walking delegate; you, who know full well how the unions stand on the question of working overtime, have deliberately and without reason robbed me of nine hours a week! Now, I want to tell you something. There is as much oppression of labor right here in your office as there is upon Wall Street. Indeed, I've been 'oppressed' more in a month here than I was there in four years."

He tried to speak, but she would not have it.

"Oh, it's your turn to listen now. That's what I've been doing for a month. And I've read both the books—and you—and I've discovered this: that what Labor needs is precisely what Wall Street needs—what the whole world needs, so far as I can make out, *men who will play the game fairly and not take advantage just because they can.*"

She paused for breath, amazed at her own heat, and then resumed, with a hint of mockery in her voice, "As for me, I shall uphold the cause of labor to this extent: I shall see to it that no employer, whether of the cohorts of labor or of its enemies, ever imposes upon me. If all workers took that stand, there couldn't be any oppression. I shall leave you to-morrow night."

For once Geoghegan was floored. Labor, as he knew it, usually cringed, existed "by-your-leave." That thought gave him some comfort now.

"Pooh!" he said to himself as he put on his coat and hat and turned out the lights; "she ain't goin' to give up a soft job like this just because she's a little huffy. She won't go."

This optimistic view was strengthened by her manner the following morning. She greeted him precisely as usual, but just as he began to breathe freely a chance remark intimated that her intention was unchanged. It was the thought of being cast to the "smart" editors again that now made him humble himself.

"I'll be sorry to have you go," he said doggedly.

She received this overture with a suave smile.

"I'd liked you to stay till them by-laws was out, anyway," wistfully.

"Oh, you'll have no trouble with them, I dare say."

His uneasiness was becoming panic. He thought of the editorials for the coming week and his heart sank.

"I must say I ain't got no fault to find with your work," he blurted out, becoming abject.

"I'm very glad to hear that," was the matter-of-fact reply.

In the ditch, control of the emotions is not inculcated. Geoghegan saw that she was not to be moved and the storm of his anger broke furiously.

"Well go—and be damned!" he shouted. Miss Darrow turned her head away to hide a smile that she could not suppress. At that moment she was aware of a certain indulgence for Geoghegan—red blood, even though it got into a man's speech, being better in her sight than hypocrisy.

At the door, she turned and cast a mischievous glance backward, "I'm about to return to the enemies of labor," she said wickedly.

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OF ISLANDS

By H. G. Dwight

IT is vanity to write of islands —after Stevenson's unforgettable little picture of Earraid. Earraid, whence "over fifteen sea-miles of the great blue Atlantic rollers" the tender "ploughed her way, trailing at her tail a brace of wallowing stone-lighters!" Earraid, with its "earthy savour of the bog plants, the rude disorder of the boulders, the inimitable seaside brightness of the air, the brine and the iodine, the lap of the billows among the weedy reefs, the sudden springing up of a great run of dashing surf along the sea-front of the isle"! And that other picture of it in "The Merry Men," and the gluttony relish of "Treasure Island," and a hundred sapient touches here and there—to say nothing of the whole adventure of the southern sea—have made Stevenson perforce our Lord of the Isles.

It is vanity. And yet it is a case that lies very near First Principles. For no man shuts his eyes against the spring because a million before him have lost their heads. Life must come as a private revelation to all who share it. The old despairing quality of the earth that it belongs to everybody and to nobody gives it a something protean which is inexhaustible. Wherefore the higher originality is not to say new things, but to dare to repeat old ones. That, however, is not my present enterprise, since it is the slenderness and the good report of the company into which I go that make me hesitate. Nevertheless, for pure love of them, and because in spirit I was an islander or ever I journeyed with Stevenson to Earraid, I make now the praise of islands.

No men of the world are so to be pitied, I think, as those who dwell far from the sea. They shall never know but a piece of life. A plain, to be sure, is very well. It responds delicately enough to the humor of the seasons, changing from green to gold, from gold to dun, from dun to white. It has, too, its moods—its laughters, its melancholies, its rushings of the wind, its illimitability of the dark. A hill, though, is better. That is, a hill that looks across a plain; never one that is huddled among its fellows, for there one is caught like a beetle in a cup. A hill gives one a sense of freedom, and a perspective upon the world. It is something to look down on the parquetry of field and town and wood and stream, to keep vigil upon the drama woven invisibly below one's eyes. And it has moments—a hill: certain nights of stars, certain bursts of storm, certain iridescent afternoons when the whole tragedy of autumn is unrolled at one's feet.

But above all else in the world give me an island! There is your true microcosmos! There you hold in your hand, as it were, the essence and epitome of the universe. Your own earth spreads under your feet. Your own sky hangs over your head. Your own sea encircles you. Your own portion of life is meted out to you day by day, distinct from that of other men. For not the least charm of an island is its privacy. An islet, of course I mean—one from which you may catch the glint of water on every side. Otherwise your island is no better than a pasture. Whether you be a hermit, or whether you have a book of verses underneath the bough —and the requisite concomitants—or whatever be your personal circumstances, you are yet divided from a hostile or indifferent world. You are at liberty to feel and to test your own personality. You are not overborne by the rush of humanity which is the burden of *terra firma*.

It is all very well for no man to be indispensable and for laws to be formulated for the greatest good of the greatest number. Likewise there are taking ideas in democracy and altruism and what not—provided one be careful not to take them too seriously. But for my part I like individuality. I love those writers who are intensely personal—like the Stevenson aforesaid, and Montaigne, and Heine, and old George Borrow, and certain of the poets. What I want is a personal life, not a generic. And I have no wish to share my world with people who are indifferent to me. Every man is interesting

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as a case, but few are interesting as companions. Which is as true for my neighbor as it is for me. Since I cannot enter his world, therefore, why should I attempt to keep up the fiction that he can enter mine?

There is an art of life which can only be practised under circumstances of which, so to speak, one is master. And nothing is more fatal to that art than the herding of men. One must sometimes escape it at all hazards to save one's soul alive. To see nothing but a succession of creatures cast all in the same human mould, walking all with legs, gesticulating all with arms, stammering all with tongues; especially to see great numbers of them at once, as in a theatre, when lights burn low and faces have the deadly uniformity of windows in a skyscraper; to see this is depressing to the verge of madness. If there are so many, what's the use? Then, too, there is an old witchcraft of nature which is lost in cities. There men take themselves too seriously. They distort perspectives. They go astray in the mazes of their own interrelations. And for that there is nothing like the openness of wild places. Nothing is at once so soothing and so unflattering.

And hence it is that I love an island. For it gives you all that I have been saying, and how much else! Not only do you live in the poetry of growing things, but their communications are enveloped and carried to the highest power of symbolism by the pervading rhythm of the sea. Oh, miserable man of the plain! His country may respond to the changes of the year; but how slow are those responses compared to the susceptibility of the sea! What moods flash in and out of one another! What subtleties gleam and fade that the plain will never know! What splendors are taken from and added to the pageant of the skies by the operation of that magic mirror! And he is no chameleon, your sea. He is no dainty creature that merely reflects his environment. Not he! He is of a fierce independence that will not brook the monotonous rule of the seasons. All power and all mystery and all sadness are his. He is the true poet—uncurbed to the will of any, yet sensitive to the least passing suggestion, and instinct with a music the most haunting in the world.

I have never had my fill of those little masterpieces of nature which are her islands. How could I, since they are inexhaustible in their resource? Yet there is this to be said for one who skirts generally but the coasts of life—that he rarely dwells too far from the sound of great waters. So it has been mine to visit more than one enchanted isle. Certain of them I bear impalpably with me, and in different moods I inhabit them. There is one, for instance, upon which I have stepped once only, but which has possessed me ever since. I do not possess it, alas! Its owner by the law is the Khedive of Egypt. I often wonder if he suspects that he has an envious tenant. He himself, I must suppose, has never visited the place. It lies far from his country. It has long been abandoned to sea-birds and to pirate fishermen. He gets out of it neither pleasure himself nor rent from me. But I have spent many a chill day or solitary evening at his expense.

It may sound a little improbable, this island—a little exotic, a little far-fetched. Yet it authentically belongs to a far-fetched and exotic youth which was passed—can I say misspent?—within sight of its pointed rocks. And I could give its name—a particular to which three languages have contributed with uncommon lavishness. I could even relate it to sites of historical repute. For it belongs to the group of islands, so-called of the Princes, which lie in the Sea of Marmora south and east of Constantinople. To no one can those names be strange, even in far New York. Was it not in gratitude for the alliterative pages of "The Diversions of a Diplomat" and "The Pleasures of Prinkipo" that the postmen of this town erected in Astor Place that monument of enduring bronze to him who so picturesquely walked through life as Sunset Cox? I cannot say. But about the time those pages were written, and before the cliffs of Prinkipo and Halki bore so heavy a burden of modern villas as they do now, those resorts were to a youthful visitor from the adjoining mainland the Happy Isles. To climb their hills of pine, to dabble on their rock-pent beaches, to make their circuit on a mincing donkey—torn between fear of dashing to death on the rocks below and joy of the portentous trot which a small boy and a long stick coöperated in maintaining—these were experiences which can never fade from a memory since chastened to the less vivid impressions of the west.

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This, however, is no preparation for my own island. It stands apart from the others, too small for a hamlet, too steep for a donkey, too barren for a pine. The broken-winded steamers that wheeze back and forth between the larger islands and the town take no account of it as they churn by. The only way of approaching it —certainly the best—is by a melon-boat. Do you know, faint yet pursuing reader, the melon-boat of the Marmora? Have you marked its high beak and poop, inherited from the black ships of the Achaians? Are you acquainted with its ragged balloon sail, which nimble gentlemen with superfluous drapery to their garments and top-heavy turbans to their heads poke from one side to the other of a boom that spears the heavens? In such a craft, one dazzling August day, did the writer first approach his island. And so must have approached it the generations of rovers who have haunted that ancient sea.

If my island sounded improbable before, it may now sound unpromising. But wait. I have not yet revealed the last touch of romance which it wears, as being the seat of castles—not one, but two! It were perhaps more in accordance with fact to name them peel-towers, for they were proportioned to their site, and at a distance they are indistinguishable from the mass of the rock on which they stand. Nor would it take, I fear, the heaviest armament to reduce their Malta stone into immemorial dust. But as one tacks toward them in one's melon-boat they uplift against the blue a most satisfying array of turrets and arches and battlements. And this romantic promise is more than fulfilled by nearer investigation.

Beside the lower castellet, which overhangs the sea at the one accessible quarter of the island, a ruined mole affords a more or less hazardous landing. Then a Gothic archway leads from the sunny terrace into a dark courtyard with striations of herbage between the flagstones. Out of that, in turn, doors open upon a series of desolate state chambers. Or rather, doors did open. There are none now to shut out the airs which come through the empty pointed windows. And with them comes a view of shining waters and distant hills and swimming city domes that catches at the heart like a dream. It does all that can be done to dignify the piteous decay of the interior The upper castle, scarcely less of a miniature, is no less of a ruin. To it a little avenue, which still has vestiges of formality, climbs the few yards past dropping terraces and bramble-filled gardens. Seated on the height and centre of the isle, it commands the prospect of the entire sea. The sea-winds, however, have left but little of the stained glass that once filled the upper casements. And weeds hang out their green beside the crumbling gargoyles. And the spiral stair that leads to the most enchanting turret in the world is choked with rotting wood and fallen masonry.

Let no one marvel that Gothic gargoyles should keep watch upon a Turkish sea. This is the land of contradictions. The tides that have swept back and forth between the two continents here facing each other have left mementoes stranger still. So it is with the less surprise that one discovers among the few remaining signs of habitation a record of the most unexpected. In both castles there are false bookcases of false books. Sometimes the glass doors have escaped destruction, and many a plausible leather back will cheat one's hand to the discovery that the rest of the volume consists of a wooden slab. The unexpected, however, is to find that most of the titles are French and English. In the lower castle there is a whole library of these solemn humbugs. But one look from the window is enough to justify the deception! In the upper castle they have survived to serve one useful purpose, at any rate, for they indicate the nature of the room. In a certain charming little apartment, for instance, the titles are all of Bacchus and vintage and carousal. In another, where a ponderous canopy still lifts a gilded monogram above the floor, the pasted "Rêves" and "Dreams" along the wall show that Quality once took here an unlettered repose. If one desired, though, a more speaking hint that the book of life was to the master of this habitation more engrossing than any other, it is to be found on the lintel of a door. The door opens upon a room which is empty save for the *débris* of its ceiling, and above it runs the legend

Il faut vivre avec ses amis.

There is a charm about all this which the solitude of the island and its historic environment only magnify. But I have to

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warn the unwary imagination against running back too far. Fifty years ago not one of these stones was laid upon another, unless in the fancy of a middle-aged diplomat who was the Special Envoy of her Britannic Majesty, in the Danube Provinces. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer was his name—one which he bore longer than his later title of Lord Dalling, and which in this country perhaps will be more widely known through his personal connection with the authorship of the Clayton–Bulwer Treaty than through his family relation to that of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Lucile." It was only after his appointment in 1858 as ambassador to Sultan Abd-ul Medjid that he commenced the creation of a pleasure house upon this lonely isle. In Constantinople they still tell stories of those cheerful days—nor always, I fear, of the most edifying nature. It is even whispered that old Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, he who succeeded Medjid, and who was deposed in 1876, might not infrequently have been discovered in this pleasant retreat at times when he was supposed to be closeted with weighty affairs of state in one of his palaces. Be that as it may, Sir Henry retired from the service in 1865 and sold his island to Ismail Pasha of Egypt, then in the height of his prodigalities. Whether the Khedive ever spent a night there I cannot say. But he cannot have spent many. And as for his family, who still own estates on the Bosphorus and who annually plough back and forth between the Nile and the Golden Horn in a tremendous side-wheeler that looks more like the *Great Eastern* than a royal yacht, they do not include in their scheme of existence a wild islet of the Marmora.

So it is, after forty years of abandonment, after forty years of earthquake and south wind, that the castles have fallen into a premature decay. But I like them better so, with gulls and fishermen for their only tenants—with nets spread out to dry on the cracked marble of the terraces and nondescript bedding strewn on warped parquets that have been trod by royal feet. It must have been a little *banal* in its brief day of laughter—my island. Smiling diplomats and frisky sultans and cosmopolitan odalisks cannot so well have consorted with it as their memory. The monks who in Byzantine times made this their refuge from the world seem more in keeping, or the mysterious beings whose golden funeral masks were once discovered in a cavern of the rocks. And Sir Henry looks pale enough beside the Genoese marauders who built a castle there five hundred years before him, that they might keep watch upon the passing galleys.

Those galleys! It is for them that I love Sir Henry and his turret of the spiral stair. Thence one can imagine the slow sails that have gone by in all the days since *Argo* passed on measured oar—the swift ships of Troy and Attica, the triremes of Rome, the galleons of Venice, the blood-red oriflamme of Mohammed. And what shocks of battle have echoed faintly across that dancing water! What blazes have reddened that northern sky! What palls of smoke have blotted out the distant city!

But, after all, it is the cliff that most I love—the high sea-cliff which overhangs the south. There hides the secret of the island's charm. There flashes that noontide lightning which for Shelley in Naples was the heartache of intolerable beauty. There haunt one from the rocks the world-old voices of the sea. And there one enters most completely into the tormenting perfection of nature, whereby she yields herself anew to whomever would possess her, yet maintains an inviolable reserve which keeps her, as it were, forever virgin. That naked rock in the open Marmora—by whom has it not been utterly possessed? Mortuary chamber and pirates' nest and cloister and pleasure house in turn, and now a place of dreams for a new usurper from alien lands, my island is in the end but what it was in the beginning—a bit of the tireless constancy through which nature triumphs at last over the hands that would mould her to their will.

I have another island. I have! This, too, belongs by right of title to an absentee—namely, to the municipality of Venice, under whose ægis it was once my happiness to spend many hundred days and nights. I came in time to discover that others claimed equal privileges with myself; that one even went so far as to pay an annual rental for the purpose of enjoying pleasures which were mine without money and without price. Nevertheless, I must always consider the island my own—by right of discovery, as by right of that happy largess

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which makes nature the possession of all who look upon her.

I hesitate to describe this second realm of mine, for the reason that it lies almost too near the track of the devastating tourist. For that deserving but fatal person to make the détour which would suffice to rob my paradise of its charm would be more than I could bear. At the same time, while it is for me paradisiacal, I am yet so perfectly conscious that the charms of my paradise are subjective, so confident that no other human being could by any effort of the imagination see in it what I do, that I throw myself upon the mercy of whomever reads these lines. I therefore have no hesitation in declaring the truth: that my island is as unnaturally devoid of every local attraction as a Venetian island could possibly be. Titian or Bellini has it none. Sansovino had no hand in the humble structures which rise above its shores, nor Palladio, nor Scamozzi. There is no church upon it. Never even, so far as I know, was it, like most of its lagoon companions, the site of any conventual establishment. There is, in short, so little reason why curiosity should lead any rational being to its coasts, that Herr Baedeker has completely omitted all mention of it from his exhaustive hand-book on northern Italy.

For me it has charms, this insignificant atom of northern Italy, simply because it was the first of my lagoon discoveries. And I can never forget the circumstances of the discovery. It was on one of those November afternoons which no one who has not lived them can conjure out of any Indian summer he ever knew. There were no distances. No jagged Alps, no sharp Euganean cones, scarred the sky. The still green water, the phantom towers, the bare flats, were phosphorescent with that glamour of antique silver which is the autumnal secret of Venice. And as we rowed, my gondolier and I, out of our customary world, there darkened before us a shadow of naked boughs, so delicately interfused with the silvery air that it was more a mirage than an island. One might come again and find it gone, like the last sunset opal of the water. Nor did it seem more substantial as we drew nearer. There was about it such a softness, such a sadness, such a silence. The water made no sound about its shore. No rumor of busy husbandry startled its peace. One hardly dared to violate such a sanctuary. Yet the invitation of its vine arcades was too strong. A half of it they covered criss-cross with their mesh—those bare grape pergolas from which the fruit had long been gathered. The vines curved in inimitable shapes of rough mahogany against the pale sky. Between them one could look out into the open quadrangles where fruit-trees clung to their last leaves. And at the end of the long perspectives shone the pearly green of the lagoon, incredible in its glamour—and sometimes a distant tower, a stationary sail. It might all have been the typical lyric expression of the dying year.

I found another lyric the next time I explored those waters. April made a great impression upon that susceptible eyot. Its long galleries shielded themselves against the sun with rustling green. Its trees burst into miracles of almond-white and peach-rose that from a distance looked like floating clouds. The very water of the encircling canal put forth bloom—from the blackthorn that leaned above the bank. But this was not all. There were also violets—such violets as never were. They entirely tapestried with their purple a certain sheltered nook of the island, and filled the air with a divine fragrance that met one afar. And there was on the edge of the lagoon a meadow where English daisies jewelled the grass, and whence one had a view of shining waters and dim legendary towers. And above it all larks forever sang—sang the madness and the poetry of April, of youth, of Venice.

A more complete antithesis to my Marmora island could not have been invented. Here was none of that passionate beauty of the south which makes one dread that it be nature's last word. The mist, the dream of the north was here, without its chill and with its deeper suggestiveness. Nor did the waves of the sea beat on this shore. They were indeed the waters of the sea that islanded me about, but waters adventuring far through sinuous channels from their own domain—too far for them to hear the call of the Adriatic save on windy nights. Yet they were waters for a mood. If they lacked the scope of the open, they had resources which went far toward compensation. Their sensitiveness reached an extreme utterly beyond the possibilities of deeper tides. And below the green and

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gray of their predominant mood there lay hidden a prodigality of sunken splendors! They had—the waters—a delicate music which was still further suggestive of the difference between supreme expression and a talent trammelled but conscious, and thereby sometimes capable of a more poignant note. For me there was always about the lagoon, as compared to the sea, a curious personality which made one think of Grieg, of Matthew Arnold, of Pater—of certain rare souls who owe, perhaps, their strongest individuality to the fact that they do not touch the term of their desire.

As for the island itself, it had none of the high romance which distinguished the other. Far from boasting cliffs and caverns, it swam almost level with the tide. It was gardened also, and green—not too trimly, to be sure, but in nothing was it so wild as its barren brother of the east. Nor did it stand so far aloof from the ways of men. And castle or legend had it none, or any association with great names. There stood upon it merely a low farmhouse of white stucco, tinged a little with the moss of time, which might have come out of any Italian *podere*. So might its story—that old and honorable one of every day. They were not even fishermen who inhabited the place—fishermen who always carry with them something of the mystery of the sea!—but children, and a family of that gentle peasant stock through which an ancient civilization most truly proves itself. Everything here spoke of simplicity, of humanity. Yet everything in some subtle way spoke of Venice. Without one palpable mark of the community to which the island belonged, it still was an intimate part of all that is Venetian—the feeling for life, the sense of form, the passion for beauty, and intershot with it all the strain of tragedy that saves the day.

I have another island. . . . Like Earraid, it stands above the ocean, on rocks where night-long voices call, and where breakers pile in the wind. There are pines upon it, however. And a Norwegian house of logs, with a turf roof where pansies and harebells blow in the summer, and deep inset balconies, and an outside stair, and some arch of field boulders. And within there are panellings of polished wood, and fireplaces like rooms, and Dutch tiles in blue and white and green, and carven reliefs of galleons under sail. Or sometimes I see it in the south—this island of mine—though ever with some prospect of the unpent sea. And then its house is white and wide, like the villas of Italy, or like our own colonial mansions—which, after all, sprang from the same idea. And a high *loggia*, like a room unwalled on three sides, gives view across the green and blue. And—but never mind.

I know not where it lies, this happy isle. My foot has never touched it, and may never. It is of those domains which one sets out to seek from youth—and generally does not attain, or else discovers to be less than fancy painted. Nevertheless, I believe that somewhere it exists. I believe much more religiously in it than I believe in the Thirty-nine Articles. And I believe that the best way of getting a thing is to believe that you will get it. In other words—faith? I suppose so; everything comes to the same in the end.

At all events, who knows? Some day perhaps a new philanthropist may arise to share with me the theory that an endowed island might be as worthy, once in a way, as, for instance, an endowed library. For a library is but a sad substitute for wisdom or happiness. Whereas an island——! And to make one person happy, even with imperfect security of making him wise, should be occasion enough for any endowment. It is true that philanthropy has hitherto exhibited no such bent. To exercise it by wholesale rather than by retail is at once simpler and more picturesque. But I venture, all the same, to scatter a few discreet hints as to what the requirements of such an island would be. The first were an equable latitude. Furthermore, the proper island should lie in waters not too prosaic; in waters fairly navigable to cockle-shells, too, and preferably off the American shore of the Atlantic Ocean. Other conditions might reasonably be left to the benefactor. But as libraries require librarians, so do islands require islanders. I therefore, on the strength of the foregoing thesis, do hereby make bold to offer myself as a candidate for the first available post of Resident Islander.

In the meantime it is possible that I may fall heir to a million—though there unfortunately happens to be a discouraging scarcity of them among those of my imme-

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diate circle who might feel disposed to regard me as an ultimate beneficiary. Certain it is that I shall never make a million. I could not, in the first place. And if I could I would be too old to enjoy the island, or too something else, by the time I was able to acquire it. No; I can get along very well with what I have brought away from other men's islands. With such booty can the dismalest city flat be radiantly decked. For memory and imagination are a resource which creditors are powerless to touch. Their conquests are of a kind that can never be impaired or taken away. They are in themselves an island of refuge against the inclemencies of the world.

IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE

By Robert Herrick

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

A man servant with a faded face opened the doctor's door in response to the bell and took the patient's wraps, which he deposited in a neat bundle on the hall table, each bundle by itself as at an evening party, then noiselessly disappeared somewhere in the rear to announce the new name. The hall and the front room where the patients waited their turn were thickly carpeted with rich rugs of a deep purple hue—rugs into which the heaviest, most dragging footstep sank muffled. There was no noise in this place except the spasmodic whisperings of waiting patients, the occasional swish of the nurse's starched skirts as she passed to and fro in the rear, the careful opening and shutting of heavy doors.

The walls were closely hung with large photographs of foreign scenes, of cathedrals and castles and ancient city squares. Above the fireplace in the front room there was an oil painting of the Venetian *lagunes*, the Salute in the background, very blue and very gray. Everything about this room was rich and solid, of the best prevailing taste, such as might be found in any one of a thousand houses within the radius of a mile. Even the books on the centre table—there were no magazines—indicated the superior culture, that was to be expected from the doctor's patients. Among these were fresh copies of a book on Italian gardens, of a new English novel, of an optimistic booklet on nature. So that the waiting patient had but to sink into a padded chair and resume the reading of the book of the hour where it had been laid aside at home.

The patients had begun coming at an early hour: it was Dr. Ringwood's practice to get his people out of bed, compelling them at first to report before breakfast. So by nine o'clock all the chairs in the reception room were already occupied, and several patients were ranged against the inner wall of the hall beside the door of the office.

One of these, a brisk, nervous old gentleman, having completed a second careful examination of all the photographs, resumed his seat beside a black-clothed woman. She had not stirred nor raised her eyes from the rug since they had entered.

"I can't see why he got us up here at peep of dawn," the old man fumed, peering at his watch.

The woman raised her eyes to his, but said nothing. Her pallid face betrayed no interest in time, nor in her surroundings.

"Only to keep us hanging about!" the old man muttered on. But the woman made no sign.

Within the front room the waiting patients, who were mostly women, read intermittently out of the books they had selected, raising furtive glances above the pages whenever the office door opened. A large blonde woman had settled herself with a novel in a corner that commanded the full scene and, dangling between her gloved fingers a long chain, she read imperturbably page after page. Near her sat a lean, white-

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faced woman, with thin black hair, who fidgetted restlessly. At last bending forward, she whispered to the blonde woman:

"Nita! Does he always keep you waiting like this?"

"He's very busy," the other answered succinctly, and read on.

"Is it very nasty—what he does to you?"

"Rather," and the reading one smiled as at the fears of a troublesome child.

"If it's too bad, I won't! I can't. . . . You know that Helen Storrs has gone to the hospital to have it out. I wonder if he'll send me there— No, I'd have it done at home."

Her companion looked at her thoughtfully. She was a calmer, more intelligent person than this nervous, talkative woman, and she knew it. She studied the thin, anxious face without a trace of sympathy, reading her character as she had read the plain print of the book.

"You can't always tell," the other continued more swiftly, having secured her companion's attention. "They don't always know, don't guess right, as Joe says. There was Tilly Northrup. Licher diagnosed her for 'citis, and it was cancer! But she had to die any way. . . . No, they make their mistakes, the best of them." She glanced mutinously in the direction of the office door. The other woman smiled scornfully at these weak dubitations; while the first whispered sepulchrally: "They told Myra that she couldn't possibly live. She became a Christian Scientist, and she's alive and per—fect—ly well. . . . That isn't so impossible!"

The blonde woman's smile changed to an expression of contempt, but she took the pains to say:

"That's silly. If you've got something the matter with you, there's a reason for it, isn't there? There's a reason for everything."

"But *what* is the reason?"

"Why, it's his business to find that—and to make you straight. He's awfully clever!" Her keen eyes looked respectfully in the direction of the office door, and having sufficiently demolished the heresy of this weak sister she resumed her novel.

Again the front door opened, admitting a flurry of chill November air, and with it came a stout man in furs. Outside a motor whirred rapidly. The thin woman examined the car through the window. The other woman glanced for a moment at the newcomer.

"Mr. Anthony Crothers," he announced in a loud, confident tone. "CROTHERS," he repeated in loving emphasis, as though he were both fond and proud of his name and accustomed to having it regarded by the bystanders. All the people there looked at him as he strode into the hall with his hat still on, refusing the service of the man servant. "Tell the doctor, Mr. Anthony Crothers," he said again, still standing, as though he were sure that he could not be kept waiting long in such a place. And to be sure, the blonde woman had scarcely settled herself in her novel after that glance at the coated, hatted figure, before the doctor's door opened and the doctor himself came to the threshold for the first time.

The doctor was a youngish man, his head nearly bald, with eye-glasses and a pointed beard. His face was screwed into a serious, taciturn expression, as if his attention was perpetually fixed on the revolutions of a complex machine that never released him for the purposes of idle contemplation. Nevertheless, he held forth a hand to Mr. Anthony Crothers.

The patients posted all around stirred into life; the impatient old gentleman, with the silent, black-clothed woman, even half rose from his chair, and the blonde woman's eyes peeped above her book. But the doctor did not see any of them.

"How are you this morning?" he inquired of Mr. Anthony Crothers as the latter strode ahead into the office. Mr. Crothers merely grunted, but he removed his hat. The door closed tight behind the two.

"Is he *that* Mr. Crothers?" the nervous woman demanded excitedly. Her companion nodded affirmatively.

"He comes here, too!"

"Everybody comes." . . .

The waiting patients relapsed into their characteristic attitudes. The old gentleman who had risen to his feet expectantly—he might well be a person of consequence somewhere—sat heavily down again, remarking with blunt irony to the subdued woman at his side:

"So that's the way they do business here! Have an appointment at eight-thirty, and here it's nearly ten, and some fellow with a

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pull comes along and pops in ahead!" He grunted cynically, as if he had expected exact equity in the celebrated specialist's office. The sad-faced woman looked at him with gentle solicitude.

"We'll go now, father, if you like, and come back some other time when he is not so busy," she murmured soothingly.

"No—we'll stick it out now. We've got as far as this, and we'll go to the end. We'll see what he can do, what he's good for!"

His eyes glowed angrily, as if he hated the doctor, and was merely anxious to prove him a charlatan with all the others. "Yes, we'll wait for him!" he muttered, gripping his thin old hands about the head of his umbrella. His daughter was once more oblivious of him, of all about her. She seemed to have sat there always, and she would sit on into eternity unless aroused by some great shock; as though it mattered nothing to her where she might sit out this space of life. Her face was wasted: once not so long ago she might have been pretty. Her father watching that sad, sick face sank into a morose silence. It was a chance, this great doctor, just a chance for Nell: this world was a world of chances, he knew with the wisdom of age; and the chance was so often lost! . . .

The patients that were left within the front room had become almost noisily restless as the minutes went by—all but the blonde woman, who read steadily on. Her nervous friend was tired of Mr. Anthony Crothers's motor, of the *Life* which she had brought, of all her own thoughts.

"I shall miss my appointment at Hading's," she pouted. "It's dreadful to spend a whole morning with something hanging over you like this."

"He'll be quick enough when he gets at you," the other remarked; "puts you through, you know!"

"Through what? Oh! I wish you could *really* find out anything about yourself. Perhaps those Christian——"

"Don't be silly!" the blonde woman interrupted with a note of exasperation. Why had she taken enough interest in this idiot's ailment to recommend Ringwood! "What can *they* tell you about what's going on inside you?"

This was a world of fact to her—all but those emotions described in the novel, to which she was anxious to return.

At last the handle of the office door creaked, but this time the impatient old gentleman kept his eyes glued to the rug. Mr. Anthony Crothers was coming forth, buttoning his coat, his hat already on his head. He listened indifferently to the doctor's last words, as one who says to himself, "This is *his* affair: it's his business to set Anthony Crothers straight. If he can't, there are others, all clever men, who would like to take the job." And he strode through the hall, his indifferent stare sweeping the patients for a moment, then bundled himself out of the door. The thin woman quickly jerked the window curtain to one side, so that she could watch him get into his car. One met the best people here, she reflected, people who would have only the best advice. That was comforting.

At last the time had come for the couple in the hall. "Mr. Vance, Mrs. Basseter," the man servant announced, holding open the doctor's door a few inches. At last! The old gentleman walked in meekly after his daughter, and the door closed upon them.

II

THE office was empty. There was a large mahogany desk beside the window, and on it a number of articles were arranged most neatly—a red-leather appointment tablet, a bundle of record forms, also a desk clock and a row of push buttons.

Presently a small door beyond the window opened, revealing a little white room—evidently the laboratory. It gleamed snowily with glazed white tile and polished nickel. The doctor entered the office, bowing vaguely, frowning slightly, and seated himself in the swivel chair before his desk. He glanced at the clock, then at the tablet of appointments, and read aloud the names:

"Mr. Vance? Mrs.—Basseter? Sent by Dr. Cronius of Spartenburg?"

The old gentleman nodded meekly. The woman raised her sad eyes to the doctor's face, a glimmer of interest, of possible hope, rousing in her perhaps. The doctor reached for a fresh record form and grasped a fountain pen: there were five appointments to the hour, and he was already an hour late. Turning to the woman he began his questions in a brisk tone:

"Your full name, madam?"

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"Helen Vance Basseter."

"Married?"

"Yes—I have been married—but——"

"Widow?" queried the doctor with a glance at the black dress.

"No!" The woman's low voice quivered into sensibility, and the doctor hesitated. Finally he made an entry on the card, the kind of entry he made when a woman was married, not a widow, and without a husband. Then he proceeded hurriedly with his interrogatory, putting the answers down under their proper heads. It was all very methodical and thorough.

But the old gentleman, who had been listening with rising impatience to what seemed pointless questions, broke in finally:

"She'd been poorly a good while, before the child died, over a year now—lost her appetite; lost her weight; lost her spunk, I guess. The other doctor thought it might be something organic, stomach or something. So that's why we came."

The celebrated specialist frowned at the old gentleman: his interruption had taken the whole of a valuable minute. Without a word of comment he proceeded according to his method:

"Have you had a pain after eating? Here?" (He touched a spot on his abdomen.) "How long after eating? After all meals? Not after all meals?"

The patient's pale face flushed with her effort to answer the questions very exactly. She grew confused and contradicted herself, and the doctor pushing the blank to one side said hastily:

"Well, no matter. It will all come out in the examination." He touched one of the buttons, and the nurse popped out automatically from the little white room.

"But!" stammered the old man. "That ain't the whole story. Tell him, Nelly. . . . She's troubled in her mind, downhearted, has melancholy fits. Ever since—you tell him, Nelly!"

The doctor, pen in hand, waited a moment, his eyes fastened on the patient, who flushed once more. How could she tell him all? It would be like talking out the inmost part of her heart to a machine. Nevertheless, she began, timidly:

"I don't believe my mind can be quite right, doctor—ever since—" She was silent.

How could she make him understand that black cloud of despair, which had settled down like a mephitic gas upon her gay spirits, which had eaten its way into her heart, poisoning every waking moment of existence! How could she tell him,—this brisk, impatient man of exact science,—of the terrible daily living with Fear, of waking each morning with a start of terror as the black stream of daily consciousness began once more its remorseless flight through her tired brain, like the pursuit of wolves on the trail of her soul! How those same fixed ideas revolved about and about in that tired brain of hers, refusing to be exorcised by argument, by love, by her despairing will. And the cause of it all,—that she could not tell any one! . . . Oh, had she been right that last terrible night, not right but *generous* with him? That torturing doubt was ever gnawing. Her mind said proudly, yes; her heart wavered like the weak heart of a woman. If she could only know *surely* once for all! How could *he* have said that, and *she* the other thing? Then he had gone, shot out into the world, whither she knew not. Silence, nothing but silence! And the child, too, his child and hers—he had gone. Now all was silence. And was it all over—all to be a blank; the world to be thus empty for ever and ever? Ah, God, no one, no living soul could know what it was to be as she had been these months. . . . She looked up pitifully at the doctor, who was fiddling with his pen as he waited for her to explain herself. He glanced at the clock, scraped his throat, and began to emit sentences:

"In cases of digestive disarrangement we frequently meet with accompanying mental disturbance," then turning to the nurse: "Are we ready for the preliminary examination, Miss Boman?"

"All ready, doctor!"

She held open the door that led to the tiled laboratory and smiled beguilingly at the patient. After all she was a woman.

"Just the preliminary examination, Mrs. Basseter," the doctor explained to the uninitiated patient. "Get her ready, Miss Boman." And he whisked about to his desk to make use of this fractional part of a minute, leaving the old gentleman to his reflections. The latter, his hands on his umbrella, his lips pursed up, had lapsed into sour silence. It must be all right, this

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"I can't see why he got us up here at peep of dawn."—Page 105.

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doctor's method; but it bewildered him. It was like the working of a complex, modern machine, like one of those cash-carrying devices that sucked an object in here, passed it on there, shot it out at the other end. His Nelly would be shot out in due time all tabulated, labelled, classified, her trouble analyzed into a series of chemical symbols. In this tabulation and test there seemed to the old man something scarcely human. There was something wrong in it, some element left out. Yet he could not put his finger on the defect. . . . The doctor was busily noting figures in a little red book.

"Ready, doctor," the nurse announced through a crack in the door, and the doctor putting down a last note stepped into his laboratory.

There the nurse had arranged the patient on the chair and loosened her clothes. The heavy coils of brown hair were crushed against the nickel railing. The pallor of her face, it could be seen, was equalled by the pallor of neck and bust, across which the blue veins coursed. As she lay there, slightly huddled and shrinking, she looked like a timid, wounded animal, and the brown eyes so deeply sunken under her brows followed every movement of the doctor defensively. "What will you do with me now?" those eyes seemed to say. "What is it all about?"

Another little door opened, and a young, fresh-shaven, pleasant-faced man appeared in a white sleeveless jacket,—the doctor's assistant. He took his position at the patient's feet, ready to hand this or to move that, to assist in the examination and to study the actions of the great specialist. As his glance fell on the wasted, shrinking figure on the chair, he smiled encouragingly, as though to say, "It's all right; we do this always—it's nothing."

Then the doctor began his "preliminary examination," tapping here and there with his deft fingers. She seemed like a thing of clay or putty, some mass quite separate from herself which the doctor was testing. But behind her eyes, which still clung defensively to the doctor's face, she felt that steady stream of consciousness, which was hers alone, known to no one else; that stream, which somehow having become muddied in the course of living, now flowed a black stream of fear and sorrow through her soul, —flowed on and on, bearing her against her will towards some fearful catastrophe. . . . All about there gleamed the nickel apparatus of the laboratory, which with her face was reflected in the glazed surfaces of tile. . . . There had been a time when she had not known this terrible stream that darkened her soul, when her body had been light and beautiful—*he* had thought so! not this wasted, pallid thing that the doctor was kneading in his fingers; a time when she knew that life was bright with joy, and there was much to love!

Then, somehow, it had gone wrong, this stream within her soul. Whose fault? Hers—his? And there began again that weary round of argument within herself before that old, old judgment-seat to which she daily, hourly summoned herself and tried herself and him and gave condemnation, now here, now there. And those images that were burned into her memory—the anger on his careless face, then the gradual surprise, as she thrust him coldly out. And those curiously harsh words that rose from some unknown place within her and poured themselves out of her throat, against her will—words that scorched him into silence. Then she was alone, with the child, his child and hers, for a little time, until the child too had gone. Thereupon this blankness of everything. From that time the stream had begun to flow dark and muddy, and had flowed on and on. . . .

"That's all for to-day, Mrs. Basseter," the doctor said, and the nurse began to arrange her dress. As the doctor started to leave the room, the patient's mute, protesting eyes caught him and held him.

"There's nothing much to worry over, Mrs. Basseter," he remarked kindly, "nothing to worry over. These bodies of ours are bad things when they begin to go wrong. Chemical factories, you understand,—make either blood or poison. We'll have you as fit as ever in a little while. Don't worry!"

And he passed into his office, dismissing the limp figure on the chair from the train of his thought.

The woman, sitting upright now, stared at the white wall of the chamber. The doctor said that she would be well in a little while — the stream would flow pure and clear once more. But how could it change with just a change of diet, — with some other combination of chemical elements? Merely something wrong with the

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bread and meat inside this wasted body of hers? How simple!

She sighed wearily, pushing back the thick hair from her brow; and suddenly finding a faint picture of herself in the glazed tile opposite, she thought, "How faded and homely that face! how old and worn I am! Is that because the meat and the bread and the drink behave badly?" And once more the turbid stream of consciousness began flowing thickly, covering her soul with despair. She knew that he was wrong, the great specialist — this was not the whole story! It would flow on and on, until Death put an end to it all—Death somewhere out there beyond. . . .

"To-morrow at eleven, Mrs. Basseter," the nurse said cheerily at the last button. "Here are the directions." She handed the patient a neatly printed card, containing eight lines of minute directions as to what she was to do. "Just follow those," the nurse said briskly. . . .

—until Death put an end to it forever, out there beyond.

III

Meantime, in those twelve minutes which had stretched to thirteen and a half, thanks to the old gentleman's interruptions, much was happening in the front room. Reactions vaster, subtler than those within the tiled laboratory, than the combinations of animal substance stewed in little porcelain kettles and analyzed by the doctor's assistant, were under way out there—chemical, physical, spiritual,—it matters not which.

One after another the waiting patients had gone, all but the two women seated by the window in the front room. The handsome blonde woman, bored by her fidgety companion, had buried herself altogether in her novel. There the passions were waxing warm: the woman of the story was about to yield to tumultuous love. The tranquil reader thought her a fool, but liked the emotion. Her friend, the lean febrile woman, had given up staring out of the window, and as she could elicit no comfort from her companion she was forced back upon her thoughts, and that made her sullen. Why had she yielded to the impulse to fool with this fashionable doctor? She felt out of sorts, to be sure, but could he do anything for her? Something told her that the seat of her disease was her own feeble will. No medicine could reach that, no medicine of *his*. Nevertheless!

The sad-faced man servant crossed the hall and admitted some one—a man who almost ran into the place in his vigor, and flinging coat and hat on a chair like a habitué of the house, said boisterously,

"Tell him I'm here, John! Shall I have to wait long?"

"No, sir; he's expecting you, sir; just a moment, sir!"

The newcomer twirled rapidly on one foot, pulling nervously at an end of his heavy blonde moustache, and glanced into the front room, giving the impression that he must find some occupation for even this moment of forced delay. The idler of the two women had already fastened her eyes on him; now the blonde woman raised her glance a trifle above the printed page, and as he revolved he caught her level gaze. With a little exclamation he advanced into the room, on the way seizing a chair and planting it beside the woman. The other one divined at once that there was something—how much?—between these two who had met here by chance: they were acquainted, more than acquainted, and she became as alert as a cat, though she raised the copy of *Life* from her lap and pretended to study the full-page illustration. The large mouth of the blonde woman curved in a slow smile of recognition and welcome as the man came towards her, saying in a burst,

"You! Here?"

"Yes—why not?"

"He's got his hands on you, too?"

"Oh, I haven't been feeling altogether fit. I always come once in so often to see old Ring and have him straighten me out."

"I see! When you get blue, one of Ring's pills or a——"

"Or a—?" she pursued.

"Or a new interest," he laughed.

"Sometimes both."

"The body and the soul!"

"You call it the soul?"

He laughed for answer, a long, buoyant, ironical laugh.

"And what are *you* here for?" she demanded. "You look as fit as—ever."

"I'm sound! Ring's never had his hands on me yet. But I'm building him a house,

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that's all—a corker, up Westchester way! You women have made him so rotten rich he'll retire soon and take to looking after his own health."

They laughed together, and looked at each other with appreciative intelligence. The other woman dipped again behind *Life*, knowing surely that there was something here, either already made or in the making; but she could not put her finger on what it was, certainly. The two, ignoring her presence, with eyes only for themselves, carried on their exchange of remarks that were like a cypher, saying nothing to the outsider. The blonde woman started the talk again, with her peculiar smile, part mockery, part invitation.

"Women do have more troubles than men, I suppose. We are—more complex perhaps?"

The man's eyebrows arched skeptically.

"In your hearts,—but that's not Ringwood's job, is it?"

She fingered the pages of her novel as she considered her answer, which, whatever it might be, would be more of an answer than the mere words.

"You know the doctors have found the seat of the soul—it's in the tummy. When your head or your heart gets dotty, you must look to your diet. And I've got to diet," she confessed.

"Diet! You are a good materialist."

The curve of her lips deepened in scorn.

"You can't frighten me with a word. Aren't we all meant to go straight? to feel happy? then when we don't, something's wrong——"

"With the machine?"

"Very likely."

They looked into each other's eyes, and read there much more of the conflict between soul and body than they had expressed. She smiled at him, her lips fluttering, as if she were about to gather up her skirts and flit provokingly away. He laid his hands on his knees, gripped them and frowned, as at the intrusion of old, unpleasant memories. The other woman, peeping from her *Life*, saw it all, and thought to herself, "She's playing him now, bringing him on and keeping him back! What will she do with him? in the end!" For she understood the drama of Sex, as the man could never understand it: the blonde woman was now revealed to her, as she was with Man.

"Still living in the country?" he demanded brusquely, evading the issue.

"Yes—Edgewood."

"In for the day?"

She nodded, giving him his time; and there was silence.

"The Peaveys out yet?"

"Yes—when are you coming out?"

"Oh, I don't know—busy, awfully busy," he muttered, looking impatiently at the closed door of the doctor's office. And then suddenly, in a burst of impulse which would not be suppressed, "Let's drop Ring for to-day and have lunch somewhere?"

As she was smiling, saying neither yes nor no to his suggestion, and he was about to urge her, the man servant interrupted—

"The doctor will see you now, sir."

"Will you come, now?" he demanded. "Ring can wait."

Rising to carry her away, he looked eagerly at the woman, who tilted upward her face with the enigmatic smile on her long lips—the smile of the materialist, sure, confident. She held him balanced for a moment, then motioned him towards the office.

"Afterwards, perhaps!"

When he went, the thin woman dropped the *Life* and looked in blunt interrogation at the other; but the blonde woman buried her face in her book and became once more the Woman for Women. And, the thin woman reflected that it was merely an arrangement to eat together. . . .

Meanwhile the doctor had been saying to the hasty old gentleman:

"I find already that your daughter has plainly marked indications of certain functional disarrangement. We shall know more to-morrow." And almost lightly, descending to the old gentleman's level, he added: "You know that these bodies of ours are not perfect machines for their business by any means. We carry about in us a number of entirely superfluous organs, rudimentary ones." And his sentences flowed on into a popular exposition of the theory that the seat of human woe is in the organs of digestion.

"Now our analyses will show whether ——"

And at this point the architect's name having finally been brought to him, he stopped short in his lecture with, "To-morrow at

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"My husband! my husband!"—Page 114.

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eleven, then, Mr. Vance—we shall have some positive results." And he stood up.

The old man held stubbornly to his seat, however. He was not yet satisfied. There was so much in his girl's history that this cock-sure man of science did not know. There was her marriage, so happy, the strange trouble with her husband—he was a good fellow, too—then the child's sudden death. Afterwards, like a blight, this cloud of melancholy had settled down upon her. The doctor ought to know some of this story. He was about to tell him when the doctor cut him short:

"Sorry—I have an appointment. To-morrow at eleven."

To hasten him the doctor threw open the door just as the architect was turning the handle. So as he stood with his back to the office he could not see the ashy hue, the bewildered stare, that came into the old man's red face. Nor could he see that at the same moment the little white door leading into the laboratory had opened and that his patient had stepped into the office, explaining to the nurse who was directing her to leave by another way, "Please, I have left my gloves in here." She had but crossed the threshold when her eyes fell on the architect, who had already burst into the room in his impetuous manner, banging the door behind him, shaking the doctor's hand, talking, all at once.

Suddenly there happened something to three of those four persons in that room, a reaction quite outside the laboratory tests, in which the eminent specialist counted for naught. Indeed, for the next few minutes, he was effaced and clung helplessly to the door handle, while he looked from one to another in astonishment.

First the woman. Black in her black dress and dark hair against the enamelled door she gasped, "Arthur!" Then moaned, "Oh—Oh—Oh!" and shuddered as if a hard substance were breaking up within her. Like a great flash of fire something had shot through her being, lighting that muddy stream of consciousness from its murky depths. . . . Was this Death, out there beyond!

And the man. Caught by the throat in the full flow of the commonplace, he stood there trying to understand, then said in low, awed tones, "Nell! You—here. You are ill!" . . .

The old gentleman trembled and sank helplessly into his chair, looking fearfully now at one, then at the other. Thus for a few long seconds until the woman unconsciously moved forward, and, as though released from the bondage of her wasted flesh, cried triumphantly, "My husband! my husband!" . . .

The doctor, his face puzzled and rather irritated, opened the door and slipped into the hall. He was very short with the two women seated in the front room. The thin one, who had been considering minutely all that she should say to the great Ringwood when she had been admitted to his presence, left at once, with a look of resentment and mortification. The other gathered her wraps slowly and waited. The doctor went back into the laboratory and knocked things about there for a while, as could be told from the commotion within. And after some time the three within the office emerged—the old man in advance demanding irritably his coat and hat and saying to the man servant:

"Tell him we shan't be back to-morrow at eleven, nor any other time! Do you understand?"

"Very good, sir," and he opened the door.

The woman was leaning on the man's arm, her pale face flushed with vivid color, her dark eyes burning upwards with a new life. The man's face was fixed and awed, as if a revelation of life had come to him, of a sudden, in the casual interval of laughter; and his glance was downward.

The blonde woman, who had waited, on seeing the three come out of the office rose and walked to the door that led into the hall, looking intently at the man and the woman, studying the phenomenon before her with all the steady concentration of her intelligence. Her person standing there in the flood of light from the open door was very handsome. She waited for the man to turn, to remember; but oblivious of her presence he passed before her with the others. Her eyes followed them through the vestibule, down the stone steps, and when the man servant shut the door her gaze was still fixed intently on their path as though she were adjusting this accident of life to the order of her material world. . . .

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Outside on the steps the old man was muttering to himself, "That's where Christian Scientists are made mostly, I guess. Oh, damn their science!"

The woman raised her face to her husband, a smile trembling on her lips. And the three went down the avenue into the city.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM

By Harley R. Wiley

EACH year you lift the tide that brings
The flood-time of all nobler things;
  The gift that only God could give,
  The life that only Love could live
  Again our hushing hearts receive;
Then let your love-light lean to them
In all that life may mean to them,
O rising Star of Bethlehem!

The dream of Brotherhood again
Reproves the fevered strife of men;
  Love's banners lifting to the light,
  The flame of faith grows large and white,—
  The feet of Christ are on this height;
The bells of Earth shall peal to them
And loving millions kneel to them,
O holy Star of Bethlehem!

Our babes shall feel the thrill of dawn
And see the shadow wings withdrawn;
  With stars of light yet lingering,
  How sweet and high their hopes shall wing
  And hearts like birds shall soar and sing!
Then may your joys abide with them
With angels side by side with them,
O happy Star of Bethlehem!

But some in bitter places bide
The rising of your mystic tide:—
  Grim gardens of Gethsemane
  And awful heights of Calvary—
  Pale peaks of last extremity;
Close may your white peace cling to them,
Your doves of promise sing to them,
O Star—O Christ of Bethlehem.

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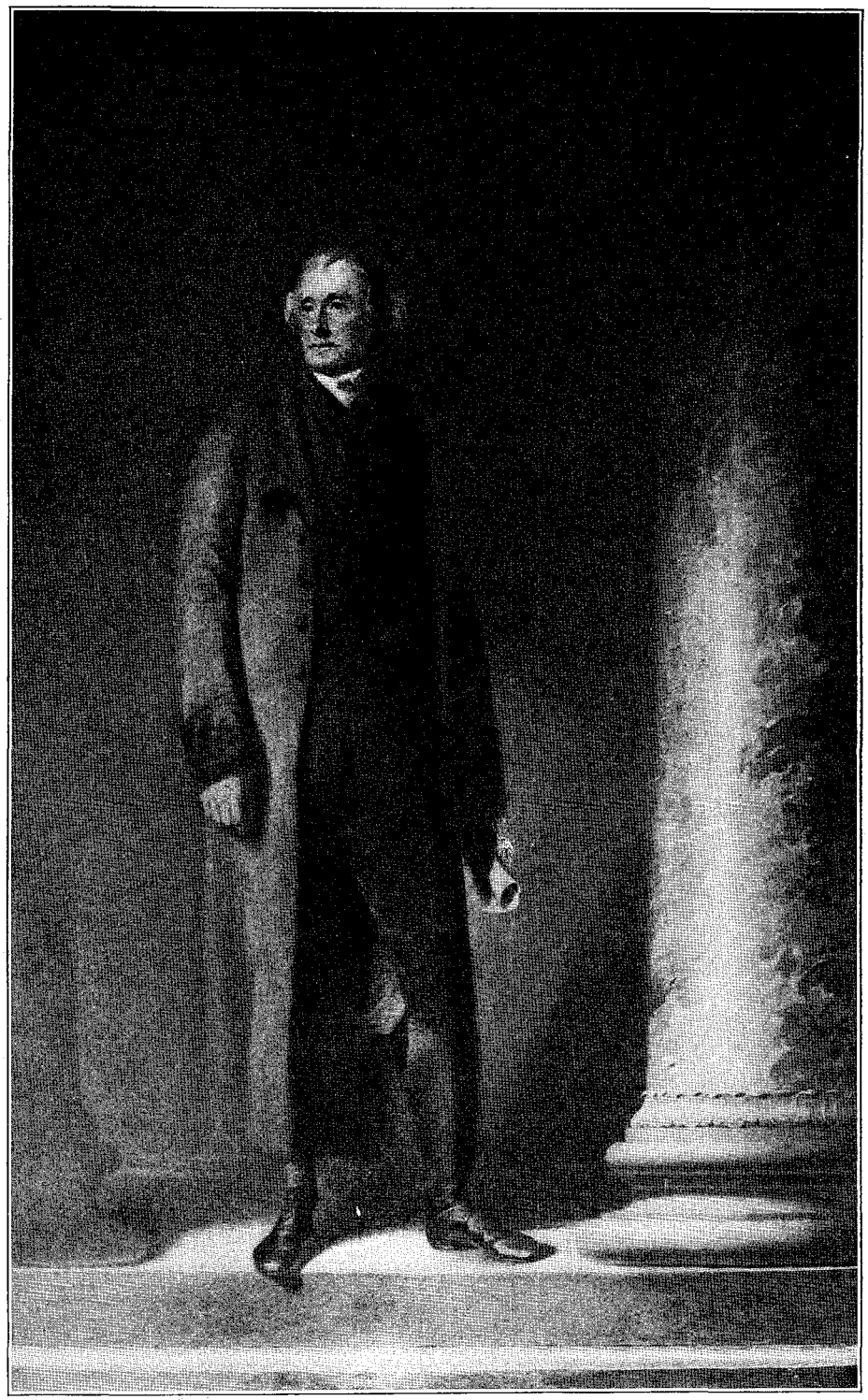

Thomas Jefferson.

From the painting by Thomas Sully in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point.

—"The Field of Art," see page 125.

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A DEFENCE OF PREJUDICE

By John Grier Hibben

WHAT is prejudice? Is it always something unreasonable? Is it to be regarded as necessarily an intruder among the more sober activities of the mind? Is it an enemy of clear thinking—the counterfeit of a true judgment? On the contrary, there is a certain form of prejudice which admits of defence. There is a prejudice which has a proper place in the mind, and must be reckoned with as a natural factor in our thinking, and not as an abnormal and disturbing element. It is very easy to insist that reason should be free of prejudice; but no one maintains consistently and continuously so high an ideal in practice. It is not merely that prejudices will steal in despite our most vigilant guard and in the face of protest and serious effort on our part to drive them out; but in a certain sense there is a true function for prejudice to perform amid the varied activities of the mind. A prejudice is not always an unreasonable judgment; it may be merely unreasoned. And there is a vast difference in this distinction; for the judgment which is simply unreasoned may prove, in the course of events, to be eminently reasonable, and as such even in its unreasoned form may serve a most useful purpose in our thinking.

These unreasoned judgments are absolutely indispensable in the economy of our mental life. If we exclude all judgments which are not accompanied by a satisfactory proof of their validity, a tremendous waste of time and energy would result. For it is a fundamental law of our intellectual activity that the processes of reason by which we arrive at certain conclusions often drop out of memory; but the conclusions themselves remain as a permanent deposit of knowledge. The proof which we once knew and perfectly understood may be forgotten, but the truth which it established is lodged permanently in the mind. The history of its origin we no longer remember. It appears, therefore, as a detached judgment. It is a part of the stored energy of thought. There is also associated with it the impression, indefinable and vague though it may be, that as a judgment it once passed muster and received the indorsement of reason. The proof is forgotten, the credentials are lost, but the thought remains. Though at present it cannot be justified by the law of sufficient reason, it nevertheless is allowed a place in our world of knowledge. The economy of the thought processes not only warrants such a procedure but demands it as a necessary method in all thinking. And yet an impression which we vaguely recognize but cannot justify is certainly a form of prejudice.

We have only to examine our store of knowledge in order to discover to ourselves what a vast amount of it is represented by these remote survivals of past study and travail of mind. The principles of a science are remembered and accepted as true, and it may be at times are used by us in some practical emergency; and yet how mysteriously vague and elusive seem the proofs upon which they rest and which we once so carefully mastered. We assent with a complete confidence to the Newtonian law of universal attraction; and we are in perfect accord with the proposition that the square on the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the two sides. But when we are pressed for a justification of our belief in statements such as these, then all that we say, perhaps, is that in a general way there is somehow a true ring about them. In other words, they are judgments to which we assent but cannot prove—that is, prejudices. And yet they are not to be regarded necessarily as weak concessions of ignorance at all, but rather the natural forms in which the laborious processes of past thinking are definitely concentrated and recorded.

A similar result will be recognized if we stop to challenge our opinions concerning the character of a period or of a person in history. It is only as regards the instances concerning which we have recently re-

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freshed our memory or which lie, it may be, in the sphere of our special study and interest, that we can justify our various estimates in any satisfactory manner. We have opinions possibly very pronounced regarding the character of the Black Prince or of Poppæa or of St. Francis; but would it not be exceedingly difficult to justify each judgment by an array of indisputable facts which it would be possible for us to summon upon call from the remote stretches of the memory. If we cannot support our opinions by adequate proof is it not quite correct to regard them in the light of prejudices? And if we rid our store of knowledge consistently and thoroughly of all such prejudices, are we not impoverishing our minds for the sake of an ideal which is quixotic and impossible?

There is still another kind of prejudice similar to that just considered—namely, the judgments which are born of other minds and which, nevertheless, we come to appropriate as our own. The reasons in which such judgments are grounded we have never examined ourselves—possibly we could never understand even if they were presented to us with elaborate explanation; and yet these second-hand judgments cannot be eliminated wholly from our body of knowledge without an incalculable loss. There are many truths which are supported only by expert testimony, and which nevertheless become the common property of mankind. We add to our knowledge by reflection as well as by assimilation. There is a community in the treasures of the mind. We possess far more than we earn. There is a universal liberty of appropriation; for the wealth of knowledge is free like the bounty of nature. If we exclude these prejudices of reflected opinion, then no harvest is possible save that of our own sowing and tilling. And this would signify an appreciable shrinking of the world in all of its dimensions.

There is again a class of judgments which merits the name of prejudice. It comprises the judgments whose source may be traced to the subconscious states of the mind. We must acknowledge that much of our thinking is strangely affected by the processes which are connected with the more obscure activities of thought. There is a secret collaborator within whose contributions do not bear the stamp of our own creation, but which we have no hesitation in claiming and using as our own. We must not fall into the error, however, of characterizing the judgments which spring from the subconscious region of the mind as abnormal. They are rather the normal reflex of our conscious activities. They may be trusted to the extent that we can trust the judgments which we form in the full light of reason. If the exercise of our faculties at the focus of consciousness is uniformly true, then the activities which work within the penumbral area will follow the lines of a like habit. If reason is the determining factor in the conscious evolution of our various opinions, then reason will hold sway in the realm of the subconscious processes; but if we have formed the habit of following the suggestions of fugitive feelings, of whim and caprice, then we may be sure that we will find no oracle of wisdom within the hidden depths of the mind. We are all aware of the play of these subconscious forces in our thinking. We reach certain conclusions without the consciousness of a process of reasoning connected with them. They are so little a part of us that they seem prepared for us rather than produced by us. We face, for instance, a new situation presenting problems never before considered. A quick decision must be made. There is no time for mature deliberation. We must judge of the trustworthiness of a man, or the wisdom of a business venture, or the probable success of a proposed policy. The circumstances force us to what may seem a snap judgment. To state a definite reason as the ground of our decision would be impossible. Behind the decision is a play of subtle forces producing a certain total impression which cannot be expressed in words or analyzed into elemental parts. It is not amenable to the control of reason, nor does it appear in any form which can enter as a factor in the ordinary processes of our thinking. It is a prejudice, if you please, a judgment whose force we are constrained to recognize, but whose truth we cannot prove. It is sufficient to incite action, but not to justify it. In such a case the subconscious activities seem to conserve the essential features of our conscious experiences. A man with a wide knowledge of his fellows has accumulated, day after day, year after year, a wealth of experience which becomes a part of himself—not con-

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sciously formulated in maxims of wisdom, but assimilated and stored in the recesses of his subconscious nature. In every one of us there is a high potential of this kind of unformulated experience. It represents the abiding mood and general attitude of the soul. When occasion offers it becomes at once active and efficient. We trust it instinctively and yet blindly; but who shall say unreasonably?

Our subconscious activities, however, not only serve to mediate a quick decision, but they tend as well to precipitate a delayed decision. One finds himself time and again facing a situation wherein he is torn now in one direction and now in another. The arguments *pro* and *con* are nicely balanced. Out of the bewilderment of mind, or at times, even of an agony of soul, there will come a settling of the will toward one of the rival alternatives. The mind is aware of a certain compulsion which seems to transcend its conscious autonomy. There is a welling-up of the subconscious stream; it has its source in the depths of that buried life which makes every man a mystery to himself. The most momentous decisions of life are reached at times by influences which, while they may not be contrary to reason, nevertheless transcend it. Is not a man's profession, or the cause to which he gives his life, or an absorbing pursuit, a revelation in some degree at least of his most deep-seated prejudices? And will anyone maintain that he would wish to be freed from all such prejudices? Are they not a part of his very being?

There is another function which our prejudices serve to fulfil; they produce the overtones of character. It is the overtone which gives a distinctive quality to sound; and, in a like manner, character also has its peculiar timbre. There is a certain ring about a man's character—it is true or false, pleasing or unpleasing, harmonious or discordant, as the case may be. Reason may determine the tone, but prejudice causes the overtone. We love a man for his very prejudices; we may hate him also on account of his prejudices. Strip a man of his prejudices, and only the commonplace remains. Individuality is the centre of projected prejudices. Remove the prejudices completely and the individual is merged again with the crowd. He no longer appeals to our imagination. There is no more of interest or charm or power about him. Character without a dash of prejudice is insipid. It lacks intensity of conviction. There is an absence of all fire and light. There is sometimes a judicial poise of mind which reveals itself in a tolerance that is an indication of weakness rather than strength. What distinct and striking impression would the character of Carlyle make upon us were it to be separated completely from all of his prejudices; or that of Victor Hugo or Frederick the Great or Thackeray or William Lloyd Garrison or any marked personality in the world of letters or of action?

It is also the prejudice underlying the character which operates as a safeguard against the fallacies of reason. For reason has its temptations as well as passion—not true reason, but the subtle casuistry of reason. It is easy in the times of extraordinary pressure to convince one's self that the worse cause is the better, that darkness is light or that light is darkness. Then it is that the prejudices which are deeply grounded in our nature tend often to steady us. It is possible, by plausible sophistries, to justify many a course of action wherein our clear vision has been dimmed by the allurements of selfish interests and ambition. But at the last we shrink from doing the thing which we had proposed. There is something within which gives us pause. We find ourselves under the restraint of some undefined feeling, a fancy, a prejudice, which calls to us from the mass of old-fashioned principles which we had thought forever banished, and which the sophistication by a wide experience with the world had not wholly eradicated. In the transition times when reason is obscured by interest or extinguished by passion, it is the prejudice which enters its caveat and to which we may well give heed; for there is a prejudice which often proves a saving grace. It is the instinctive morality, after all, which is the supreme test of character. There is an impulsive nobility which is the flower of human nature. A sense of honor which is not necessarily reasoned, but which reacts automatically is the kind of prejudice which proves the man. And is it not in turn approved of reason itself when we come to pronounce a deliberate judgment upon it?

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TWILIGHT IN A TUSCAN GARDEN

By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

WHITE roses, roses falling with the dew,
God's words from latticed stars and trellised sky,
God's vesper words—pale petals of His dream—
See, ankle deep they lie!

The drip of unseen fountains strangely bound
To rhythm of my steps hints shoulders bare
And pipéd ditties, flutes among the reeds,
And laughter everywhere.

Vague shadows track my soul—I see them hide
In deep green pools where drowned the sunset lies—
Their eyes shine through the pools like moving stars—
The dark pools full of eyes.

Dream roses falling through hushed sunset lands,
Pale star-cool petals, and on boughs o'erhead
The nightingale—the twilight oracle—
Singing the words God said.

The drowsy dust and pebbles hear God's feet
That beat and beat—a wakeful ivy sways—
Sways to and fro against the ruined arch
Loving such rhythmic ways.

The dusk! The garden close detached and dim,
And full of fitful gradual mysteries,
Strange as a face grown exquisite with love
And fateful prophecies.

A cry of twisted waters girds the gloom,
Still thunders leap the garden leaf by leaf;
Trees, waters, winds cry out—an old world pain—
Oh Soul, 'tis thine own grief!

The quiet vesper thoughts of God drop down
Through whirling worlds from gardens of the sky—
My heart is broken with the passioned mood
Of Beauty come too nigh.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

ACCORDING to the good Emerson, when you come to investigate "our umpires of taste" for the purpose of finding out "whether they are beautiful souls" you are apt to be disappointed. "Their cultivation is local, as if you should rub a log of dry wood in one spot to produce fire, all the rest remaining cold." This is a discouraging account of "culture," from which, you will observe, literary culture is implicitly omitted. But literary cultivation, if it mean only that susceptibility to verbal effects which in poets like Swinburne amounts to a special sense, may be as "local" as any other. In truth, Emerson had not much of it himself or much value for the poets whose capital consisted in it. Of Swinburne's own poetical gift he spoke so scornfully as to elicit from the disparaged bard a description of his critic as "an impudent and foul-mouthed Yankee philosophaster." And has not Mr. Howells recorded that, upon his venturing to bring up the name of Poe, the sage made answer, "Oh, you mean the jingle-man." And the judgment on the connoisseur with which we began seems to the modern reader a little old-fashioned and a little provincial in its confusion of ethics and æsthetics. But, after all, was he not right in disparaging the mere hypertrophy of a special susceptibility as "culture"? He did not go so far as his friend Carlyle went in that amazing sentence that the whole of Keats's poetry "consists in a weak-eyed maudlin sensibility and a certain vague random tunefulness of nature." This is a more "terrible sentence" for discovering the deficient sensibility of its author than Arnold said Johnson's was when he delivered that "surely no man could have fancied he read 'Lycidas' with pleasure had he not known the author."

Is It a "Local Æsthetic"?

These instances are instances of deficient sensibility upon what may be the musical side of poetry. And it is specifically about music that one is most inclined to doubt as to its professors whether their art is not a mere specialty, whether it implies anything outside of itself. On the proposal to endow a professorship of music, a critic of music not long ago pointed out, or laid down, that the object of such a professorship should not be to train performers or even contrapuntists, but to imbue ingenuous youth with a sense of masterpieces and standards, to enable them to discriminate good from bad, to teach music, in short, as a branch of general culture. But is it really so? As the doctors now have local anæsthetics which leave unimpaired the sensibility of the parts not meant to be operated upon, is not music a "local æsthetic" which begins and ends with the culture of the special sense?

It was all very well for the sonorous Cicero to proclaim in defence of his friend: "Etenim omnes artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur." But are they? Or, if so, is music one of them? A practitioner of any one of the plastic arts, or of any branch of letters, is by that fact an interesting person. One would like to know the painter whose work interests him, or the sculptor. One feels that there is something more in his performance than the mere excitability of the optic nerve and the mere technique which proceeds from that. In a word, there are no "Blind Toms" in painting or sculpture. The occasional "inspired idiot" in literature is not at all in that class. (By the way, Goldsmith was a musician who fluted his way through the Continent, and probably played as well as Frederick the Great, of whom we have reason to believe that he was a rather hopeless amateur; but Goldsmith's uneasy vanity, though it made him a bore and a butt, could not possibly degrade him to the intellectual level of the musical "prodigy.")

Put it in another way. How much does what a musician may know about any other of the "arts which pertain to humanity" help him as a musician? "Take a musician outside of his art," says Bulwer Lytton somewhere, "and how he sinks beneath you! Put him in it and how he soars above you!" The sense of hearing is the basis of the most appeal-

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ing of all the arts to those to whom it appeals at all. But the sense does not seem to have given rise to an art much more connected with the other arts, in the Ciceronian phrase, nor of much more help to general culture than the sense of touch, for example, which also has its specialty in art. You would not care to converse with a champion billiard-player, "as such," and not more with a musical virtuoso, as such.

Of course there are musicians and musicians, musicians who are charming, cultivated, "all-around" persons as well as musicians who seem to be under the influence of a local æsthetic. But does the general culture help the musicians who have it *as* musicians? Are they any better musicians for having it? Do they, as John Stuart Mill put it, "bring the light of general culture to illuminate the technicalities of a particular pursuit"? As performers, and even possibly still more, as composers? Do we not instinctively suspect the "philosophical" composer of trying to eke out the exiguousness of his special gift, and seem to detect "hay on his horn"? Is it not the erudite and cultivated composer who to the sensitive soul seems to maintain, in opposition to the natural singer who cares for nothing else, that truly to have music in your soul is to be moved with discord of sour sounds? There are certain phenomena which seem to bear that interpretation.

The Point of View

FOR once I beg leave to use the headline of these pages as a text for a sermon on criticism. The "point of view" is the main point in criticism and yet it is the last point that the critic ever makes clear to the person whom he criticises. All my life I have been sitting in judgment on other people and they on me. Had there been any means of executing the verdict, I should have hanged many of them, and I myself should have many times been hanged; but the arm of the law does not reach our pet aversions, and if it did, they would go to the gallows quite ignorant of the real nature of their offence. For criticism is very largely the art of assigning the wrong reason—a trumping up of sententious excuses, a straining after the point of view of society, or the angels, or other critics, or the "cultivated few." Criticism stripped of its public robes of office is generally a private whim. That is what makes controversy often seem so absurd to the non-combatants, especially literary controversy, turning as it does on private tastes which masquerade as public duties.

Here, for example, is Mr. A. C. Benson, author of "The Upton Letters," "Through a College Window," "Beside Still Waters," and perhaps a dozen other volumes by the time this commentary appears, one of the most continuous and certainly the most harmless of recent writers. He paused for a moment not long ago and addressed a reply to his critics. They had taken, it seems, a moral tone with him, complaining that his insistence on the quiet virtues and contemplative life tended to unmanly acquiescence. Retorting in the same moral strain, he said there was no tendency in his writings to underrate the energies of active life but only to deny that the selfish desire of personal success was the proper motive for them. So it came to the usual *impasse* between a man and his critics. I hasten to assure any one whose hesitating eye may have travelled to this point that I am not going to discuss the moral tendency of Mr. Benson's books. I mention the matter merely as an instance of the hypocrisy of critics generally. We belong to a race that dearly loves to moralize an essentially unmoral situation. We hide personal dislike behind moral disapproval if we can, and if there is any way of converting a private distaste into terms of public disaster, we find it. It is, I presume, bred in the bone, and I dare say, as a critic, I too should, if anybody poked me through the bars or set before me the food I did not like, utter the same irrelevant moral cries, but that does not make the thing seem, in an honest interval, any less preposterous. It is too obvious that we damn people the deepest for the things they cannot help and love them for the random gifts of nature. We freely forgive all the rascals in literature from Benvenuto Cellini down—Sterne for his snivelling, Boswell for his truckling, Samuel Pepys for his mean little heart. We spend our days in invidiously rating one man above another and one woman above all others, edging away from estimable gentlemen at our clubs, dining with traitors. The rule applies as often in literature as in daily life that we could better spare a better man. We all know it and we all act upon it, but I doubt if there has ever been an Anglo-Saxon critic who has not at some time lied about it.

The hypocrisy, of course, is in inverse ratio to the power of self-analysis. There are times

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when I half believe I hate Smith on principle, for there is nothing about Smith to lure me away from the most minute solicitude for the general good. In Smith's presence, the mind having, as you may say, no personal interests, becomes intensely public-spirited and feels like a picket of the public conscience as against Smith, ready to shoot for hearth and country the moment a moral twig snaps. If the devil talked like Smith, what a pleasure to be a Christian soldier. In a sanguine mood I can almost prove that the devil does talk like Smith. Then along comes Jones thrice as pernicious, but more beguiling, and not one blow do I strike for an endangered universe, although Jones, reduced to a moral syllabus, Jones, issued in pamphlet form perhaps by one of Mr. Benson's critics, would surely be an improper text-book for the human race. But I would not have him thus reduced. It is only when a living man is no more to us than a teaspoon that we think exclusively of his moral medicine to an ailing world; and so it is with a living book. Having no interest in Shakespeare as a poet, Tolstoi and Bernard Shaw very naturally hold him to strict account as a philanthropist, missionary, Fabian lecturer, early Christian. When we are not amused, we remember our little lessons to humanity, and we can always find some large ennobling reason for not being amused. If we do not love Shakespeare, let us say it is because Shakespeare did not love the poor. And when it comes to the "objective" critics, as they call themselves, dissectors, classifiers, teachers of taste, strange beings fatally absorbed in such problems as how to find the greatest common divisor of Mark Twain and the Book of Job, there is, I believe, little liking for any man's company. That is why they so often cut out the "central thought" of an author and throw the rest of him away.

The Unquiet Rustic

I HAD fled, as I often do, from city turmoil to a certain little farm of mine in the heart of dear, picturesque, unprosperous New England, and I was walking, one spring morning, down the winding road, enjoying the country quiet and admiring without wishing to imitate the energy of an old neighbor who, with her basket on her arm, was busy digging dandelions on a slope of the adjacent field. Not so busy, either—the dandelions were apparently scarce and the worker kept incessantly straightening up and gazing towards a little house at the bend of the road. Seeing me, she loitered nonchalantly over, and leaning against the bars, "passed a few remarks" on the usual topics of weather, chickens, and crops. But there was obviously something on her mind, and it finally came out: "Say, yeh don't happen to know, do yeh, what's wrong up there?" indicating by a furtive wave of the knife the little house down the road. I knew nothing. Through long sojourn in cities I have lost the true instinct for neighborhood "news," and cannot absorb and exude it at every pore as the true country folk can.

"Oh, well, I thought yeh might uv heard somethin'. I see the doctor's team stop there this mornin', and I wondered who 'twas was sick. The team's just gone now—must uv stood out there in front most an hour. Queer you ain't noticed it."

Feeling culpable, I expressed a willingness to go and make inquiries; perhaps they might need help. At this the dandelion digger looked distinctly gratified: "Well, I *thought* yeh might take an interest. Yeh c'n drop me word as yeh go back what's wrong. Of course none of our folks could go down there to ask, cuz we 'n the Gainses ain't speakin', not this long time. Well, I guess I must run now, 'n see to them new little chickens—there ain't many dandelions over there, any way; I don't know's it'll pay to try to git a mess." And she ducked under the bars and crossed the road briskly to her own little barnyard.

I continued my way, wondering. Here were two families whose farms touched edges. They lived side by side, summer and winter, yet they were "not speaking," and even when there was sickness in one household the other would not offer aid, but sought a comparative stranger to satisfy a purely prying curiosity.

Some weeks later another neighbor fell from a ladder and broke his arm. He managed to get himself home and then fainted. I was called in by the terrified wife, and asked the only available man in the neighborhood to help us get the poor fellow to bed. I was stunned by encountering a firm though courteous refusal. "I'd do anythin' to oblige *you*, ma'am, yeh know, but I can't go into that man's house, not if he was dyin'. An' he ain't. I broke my arm, three winter ago, and 'tain't nothin' to make such a fuss about."

As I have become better acquainted with the countryside, I have come to realize that

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these are not sporadic cases. A short time ago there was a funeral in the neighborhood, for which the family, being at war with the local undertaker, had employed one from the neighboring city. After the services at the house there was some delay in disposing the mourners in the carriages provided, and finally the undertaker, much flushed, came over to me as I was getting into my own little phaeton, and said in a fierce undertone: "What kind of a hole is this, anyway? Here I've got six carriages, and there's only twenty-one people to go, but I'm blamed if I can find any four of 'em willing to ride in the same carriage!" "Really!" I said innocently, and then I could not resist adding, "This is your first experience with a country funeral, isn't it?" "You bet it is," savagely, "and you bet it's my last, too." I tried to look at once sympathetic and non-committal, and drove on to the churchyard. The twenty-one arrived later, some driving, some walking, but all enveloped in an atmosphere of extreme spiritual tension, while in their faces exasperation was but thinly veiled by the conventional funeral expression of piety and decent woe.

One is forced to conclude, then, that this apparently peaceful countryside, which to the sentimental outsider suggests only the placid beauty of Gray's "Elegy," is really a welter of enmities and jealousies. As to the origins of these, they are often too obscure to be traced, but those that are known seem trivial enough. Once Farmer A—— put up a new chicken-house, and passing over Farmer B——, who does carpentering, employed a man from the next town. Once B——'s cows, grazing along the roadside in front of C——'s house, were driven back by C——'s wife, who encountered B——'s wife coming to fetch them. Thereupon they "had words." B——'s wife quoted the law regarding cows on the highway, and C——'s wife retorted by an explicit recapitulation of all the things she had ever "heard tell" about B——'s wife "in the town where she come from." And the things that are told from house to house in a rural district are often wonderfully vivid.

Thus it befalls that B——'s family are not "on speakin' terms" with A——'s or C——'s, while these two last, united in a common enmity, are friendly, but C——'s folks "don't speak" to Farmer F——'s folks, because of some ancient quarrel about boundaries and fencing. And so it goes. In this little group of households, not one, except my own, is at peace with all the others! Occasionally some old grudge wears thin and a certain grim friendliness is reëstablished, as if to make room for fresh animosity in another direction, and thus new combinations arise from time to time, so that when I return each year I have to tread with caution until I have ascertained the current state of neighborhood relations. One thing only I can always confidently assume, that whatever the condition may be, it is not one of general good-fellowship.

Now in the city my neighbors and acquaintances do not act like this. They do not all love one another, or even approve of one another, but whatever feelings they entertain are held in such fashion as to be not incompatible with a habit of neighborliness, a convention of courtesy that makes practical life go with some smoothness and decorum. Is it that city folk are better than the country folk? Many people would maintain the reverse of this. Are they merely better trained in good manners? Or do they perhaps come less closely in touch with one another, and so are not subjected to the same tests? Or are they actually more mature? These neighborhood quarrels certainly bear a strong resemblance to those of a group of schoolchildren. City folk, being in the midst of more stirring events, and more continually aware of them, have more subjects of interest, and so are not forced to dwell upon and magnify personal relations. They have acquired a truer sense of proportion.

There may be something in all these suggestions. I am not attempting a solution. I do not even know whether the condition of affairs in my own little community is a common one. I do, however, recall that when Mr. Thomas Hardy had collected in one narrative a sufficient number of harrowing incidents, including betrayal, murder, and sudden death, he laid the scene of his story among a pastoral folk, and named it, with a last touch of his characteristic irony, "Far from the Madding Crowd."

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE SULLY PORTRAITS AT THE U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT.

IN the countries of Europe the art of the portrait painter has been enlisted for centuries to celebrate the memory of kings, founders of institutions, or advocates of great measures, with the apparent motive of adding interest to history and lustre to the State.

England, alive to the prestige that distinguished art gives to a nation, encouraged and even sought the presence there of Holbein, Sir Anthony More, Vandyke, Rubens, Janssens, Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller; this sequence of painters extending from the reign of Henry VIII to that of George I. Indeed one has only to recall the lines of monarchs whose counterfeit presentments still look down on the rulers and subjects of today, in order to form some idea of the significance, from even an ethnical standpoint, of thus perpetuating the personalities of the past.

Joseph G. Swift.

From the painting by Sully in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point.

Holbein, in the time of Henry VIII, left many drawings and paintings of the courtiers and nobles who surrounded the second Tudor; and in Windsor Castle alone there are eighty-nine examples of vivid portraiture from the hand of this searching delineator of the human face.

It is through portraiture that the history of a time may be in some sense explained, and perhaps certain measures accounted for, by seeing revealed on the countenances of those responsible for a "coup d'état," for instance, the character and temperament that inspired it.

The German Lenbach has contributed to history and to art by his vigorous portrayals of the Iron Chancellor; and we would not be without Velasquez's Philip IV, or Vandyke's presentations of King Charles and contemporary nobles and advisers. These canvases both enrich the State and enlighten the country.

It seems, therefore, a wise and dignified custom for any commonwealth, institution, corporation, industry, or great achievement to commemorate its existence by a record of this kind. There are cases in mind where this practice of preserving the lineaments of great men has been attempted with most satisfactory results; notably in the Gallery of Artists in the Uffizi at Florence, the National Portrait Gallery, London, and the Salle d'Apollon in the Louvre. These latter portraits, in Gobelin tapestry, practically cover the side-wall between the doors and opposite a row of windows in this beautiful room. They represent twenty-eight celebrated French artists, painters, sculptors, and architects—and the kings, Saint Louis, Louis XV, and Francis I. These are not only historically impressive but, in their empanelled setting, they form a splendid mural decoration.

In the Uffizi Gallery it is absorbing to study that long line of creators of beauty, from the fifteenth century to the present—those physiognomies of an earlier day preoccupied with problems of sight, forms of amplitude and grace, composition and design that filled the minds of former painters to the comparative exclusion of color—for color is, with few ex-

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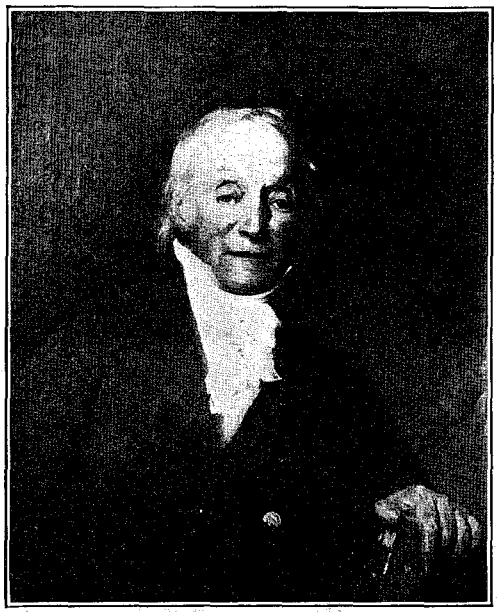
ceptions, a later possession of the artist. The outside world was not sensitively "seen" until, strange to say, the English Constable and Bonnington opened the eyes of the painter to the splendors of aerial and colored light in the world around us.

To the student of mankind such repositories of great men are rich in suggestive thought; and portrait painting reveals, in a certain sense, in this gallery, the pathway of esthetic progress. And it can do as much for science, statecraft, philanthropy and the humanities.

Portraiture, then, regarded in this spirit, becomes doubly interesting and instructive; and it is in this temper of mind that attention is called to the really valuable collection of portraits by Thomas Sully possessed by the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. The Library there contains seven canvases by this accomplished painter—two of these are full-length and one three-quarters—the remaining four are busts.



Jared Mansfield.
From the painting by Sully in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point.

The Military Academy, which was in early times the same as the Corps of Engineers, wrote to President Jefferson and to Ex-Secretary of War Monroe, asking permission to have their portraits painted by Mr. Sully for the Military Academy, *i. e.*, the Corps of Engineers. The headquarters of the Corps and the Academy were at West Point.

The first, which was painted in 1822, shows the tall, slim figure of Jefferson standing on the step of what might be a hall or tribune. Back of the figure falls a crimson curtain of varied light and shade—a colored marble column rises from the step beside him and reaches to the full height of the canvas on the right, Jefferson's left. (See page 116).

The statesman is dressed in black, wearing a plum-colored top-coat trimmed with fur. A peculiar lapse, for an artist of Sully's ability, is discovered in the base of the column, which is that of a flat *elevation* without regard to the logical perspective of the floor on which it rests.

The whole composition is of a warm plum-colored tone—the head, perhaps the least competently handled portion of the work, but doubtless well characterized, giving the subject, as it does, the wasted aspect of declining years. It is illuminating to see one of our country's early Fathers thus depicted.

The portrait of James Monroe represents a man in sturdier years of life, standing in the stone hallway of some country house—an open door gives an outside vista, apparently of a garden. The Secretary is in the blue and buff of the period, and there is a fine quality of light and shade playing on the white stock. To his right, on a seat in the immediate foreground, are thrown a military cloak and sword. The face is unfortunately lighted, the larger area being cast in shadow and, owing to a lack of interior modelling, is rather empty of interest. It is one thing to be empty and quite another to be simple and broad in treatment. There is a grace, however, in the attitude, the elbow resting on a marble plinth at a convenient height, the hand holding, naturally, a state paper from which his glance has been removed. The arrangement of light is generally well disposed in the composition, showing, on the whole, a picturesque sentiment in the painter. Neither of these canvases displays quite the freedom of touch noticeable in the bust portraits; but they are dignified and characteristic presentations of eminent men.

The three-quarters length of John J. Abert, Colonel of Topographical Engineers in 1811, was painted at the request of the Corps of

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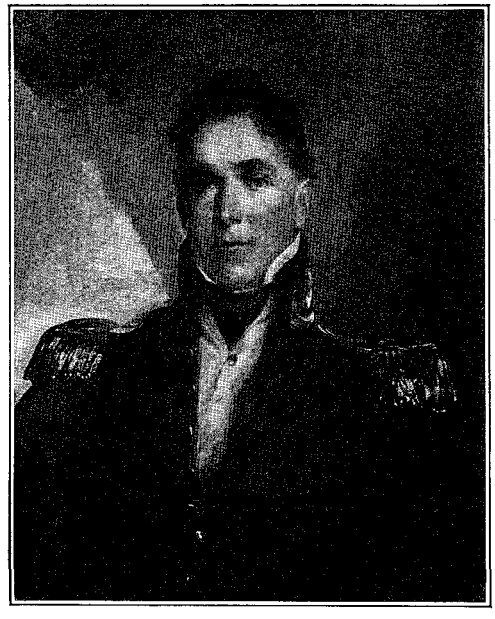
Topographical Engineers and presented to the Corps of Engineers, or Military Academy.

The figure is seated at a desk from which he has turned away, one elbow still resting there; he is holding a pamphlet, but looking out from the canvas. The background is conventional—a light brown curtain caught by the base of a column which is relieved against a sky with clouds. The head is not so supplely painted nor so good in color as that of the Mansfield portrait, of which we will speak later, but the uniform, and particularly the gold incidents in the costume, show both dexterity and taste.



Charles Gratiot.
From the painting by Sully in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point.

Jared Mansfield, Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy from 1812 to 1818, is represented by a portrait, bust size, but with a hand so resting on an upright volume that it is brought within the area of the canvas. This is one of the most freely painted examples of Sully here. The head has the air of some benign and thoughtful English judge; while in its not quite finished state the flexibility of touch increases its charm. (See page 126.) The white stock and frilled shirt front are of an agreeable quality, and the values and color of the head and hair must be admired for the just observation they reveal. There is a background of an unobtrusive crimson catching light where it relieves the left shoulder and arm. The broad and simple modelling of the work displays a competency that comes only from a most practiced hand; but the rarer qualities of sensitive "seeing" remarked in this work stamp Sully an artist of high order.

Major-General Alexander Macomb was General-in-Chief of the Army, and Inspector of the Military Academy from 1821 to 1824. His portrait is of a handsome man with rich, dark, wavy hair and good features; these seem to have inspired the artist to a certain picturesqueness of treatment in arrangement and composition. The slope of the shoulders, with arms folded, and the opposing line made by the hills of the Hudson in the background, make a design artistic in both line and color. Sully is particularly happy in his management of the gold portions of uniforms—the glint on them, at varied angles, and the perspective of the braid and insignia are always intelligently observed.

Charles Gratiot, a Brigadier-General, and Inspector of the Academy from 1828 to 1838, is the next Sully to attract the attention. Although not so agreeably placed on the canvas as the Macomb, this presentation of Gratiot is strong in characterization and good in color. The unbuttoned and thus perhaps unmilitary coat shows in this way a buff waistcoat that is a pleasant note in the scheme. The heavy cloud background is not so fortunate, but the portrait is life-like and convincing, as shown above.

That depicting Walter K. Armistead, who was a Brigadier-General, and also an Inspector of the Academy from 1818 to 1821, is the most conventional of these bust portraits and less secure in drawing and construction than the others we have noticed; but in this, as in the others, we remark the same excellent quality in the gold on collar, buttons and epaulettes. There are still remaining two more portraits by Sully now hanging in the Cadet Mess Hall.

One is of Brigadier-General Joseph G. Swift, the first graduate of the Military Academy, and Ex-officio Superintendent from 1812 to 1818. This is one of the most picturesque portraits of the collection. It represents a handsome Napoleonic type of head, while the heavy gray army cloak over the uniform is

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so arranged as to show one gilt epaulette, most valuable, as are the buttons, in lighting up what would be otherwise a rather sombre canvas. In design alone this work is most satisfactory. (See page 125.)

As a whole, the painter has given a no more vigorous portrait than that of Jonathan F. Williams, Superintendent 1802–1803, 1805–1812. This sturdy figure, with a fine bluff, ruddy countenance and gray hair, is seated by a table, back of which the scene opens apparently on a fort in a bay—on the table lie hat and sword. The attitude suggests a tendency to obesity, but is all the more impressive for that. The head is partly relieved against heavy clouds and the casement of the building which catches light on the shadowed side of the head—a device more frequently resorted to by the earlier painters than by those of today. The disposition of masses in this picture is large and effective—a burly canvas!

In our opening paragraphs we spoke of instances abroad where the practice of collecting portraits of distinguished men is successfully carried on. But it is not enough to simply gather them together; they should be treated with the respect due worthy works of art. They should be well lighted and well set. Frames, in great numbers, are a disturbing element in viewing portraits; and, when feasible, they should be done away with in a large hall.

Portraits indeed suffer great vicissitudes in various ways and, whenever possible, they should be painted for a definite place and serve the purpose of decoration. In any case they may be made to fill the rôle of mural embellishment. Used to such an end, we may quote, in addition to those already mentioned in the Salle d'Apollon, those in the dining-room at Windsor Castle, and at Brussels the Hall of Burgomasters.

These are set in the side wall, as panels, and are impressive by the dignity and style they give to the respective apartments.

A World Power, as we have become, let us not be content with accessions of territory merely—there are provinces of art and taste to be acquired—lessons in civilization to be learned, as well as those in administration and diplomacy. A nation to be truly great should have other ambitions than those of "bigness" only. And there may, perhaps, be no better place to begin such moral and mental "expansion" than in the halls of the seat of learning of our military officers who go out from thence to the ends of the earth.

This subject should be full of interest to those solicitous for our art; for it is seldom one finds, practically under one roof, so excellent a group of portraits by one of our early painters. It forms a nucleus; and it should be an incentive to their proper setting.

The opportunity for the latter now presents itself; and perhaps no better place could be chosen for a precedent than the new halls that are rising on the site of the old West Point.

The Academy is now in course of almost entire remodelling. Splendid Gothic structures are growing up from the bluffs above the river, to be crowned at the summit by a beautiful chapel on the hill behind them. The Administration building, the new Academic building, the barracks for cadets and the Superintendent's Headquarters are to be noble and spacious piles; and in some of these, notably the Superintendent's Headquarters, will be found spaces in which many portraits may be suitably empanelled. The Academy owns many and will acquire more. It may not be out of place to offer a suggestion that the present Cadet Mess Hall, Grant Hall it is called, may be devoted to a line of portraits of the Presidents of the United States, the Commanders-in-Chief of the Army. Let these be set in the side walls, as panels, where they may look down on the Corps of Cadets as they assemble there three times a day.

It will be a lesson in history and an inspiration to these potential defenders of the Union.

In default of all the panels being filled, they can be so treated as to form acceptable wainscoting until the appropriate portrait is placed in its waiting frame.

The large hall, some sixty feet long, and of proportionate width, which is to be a feature of the Superintendent's quarters, may be arranged in much the same fashion, to receive portraits of former Superintendents of the Academy, of which there are many. These two places might be always open to the public and serve as a kind of show place for visitors who come from all parts of the country.

The idea may be stimulating; for in the centre of the spot where is taught the arts of War, we may thus prove that we are not neglectful of the arts of Peace.

FRANK FOWLER.

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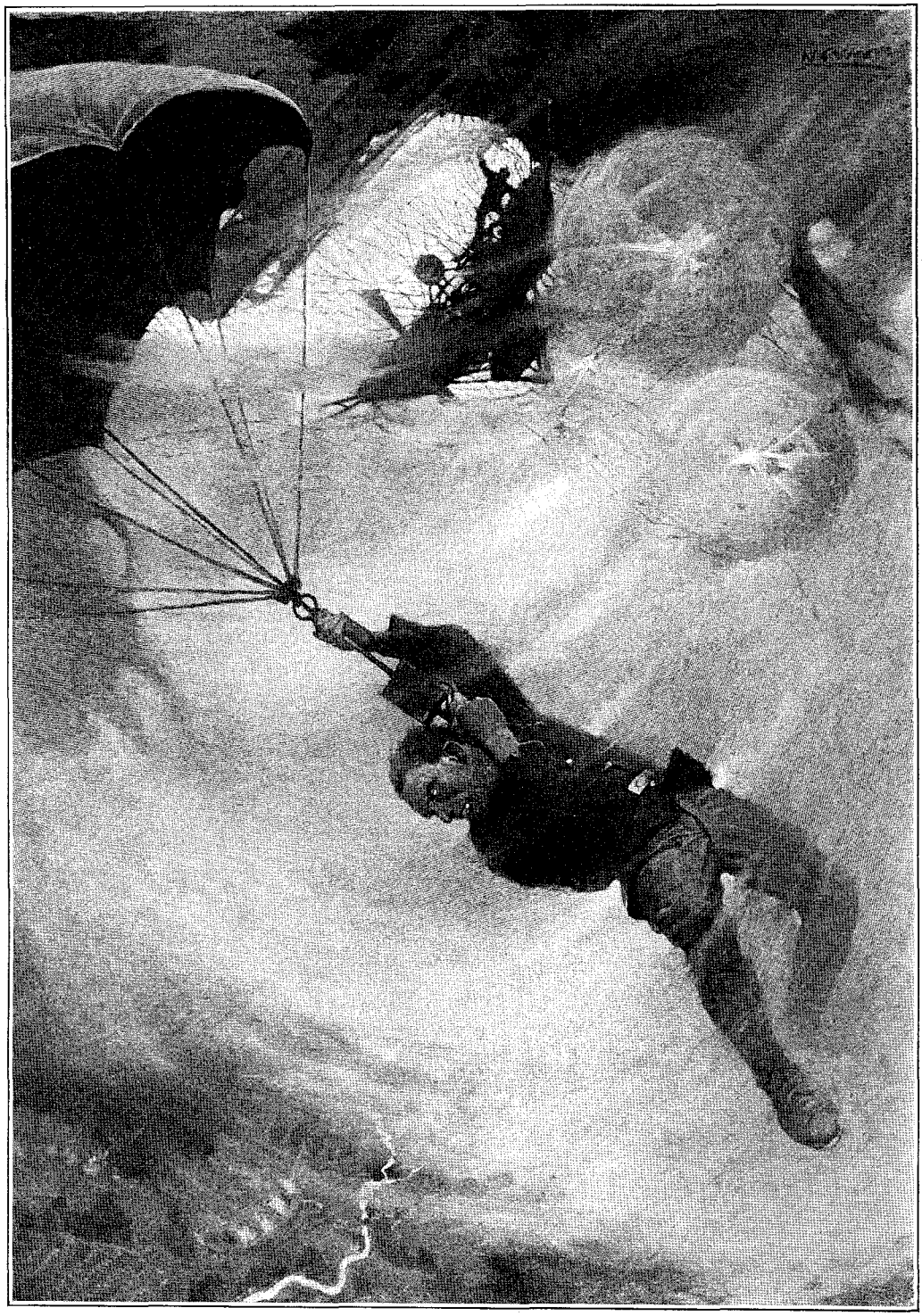

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

TRELOAR SLOWLY DESCENDED, SHOUTING ALOUD TO HIMSELF.—Page 137.

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